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The Saturday Review of Literature

Literature of the Brandywine

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

EDGAR ALLAN POE lectured before the Wilmington Lyceum on November 24, 1843, brought there probably by his friend and occasional companion in bohemianism, Dr. John Lofland, "the Milford Bard." Walt Whitman may have rattled down in the cars from Philadelphia. But Poe, who wrote so well of the Wissahickon, probably never saw the Brandywine except from a railroad bridge, nor does it appear in Whitman's catalogues of rivers. Only one man of letters of eminence was bred on its banks, and none with a presumptive claim to lasting reputation.

Nevertheless, there is a literature of the Brandywine, which has a curious consistency. The idyllic meadows of the Chester County stream, and the rock and forest intervals of this middle river, and particularly the wild gorge above Wilmington, have caught the fancy of many writers, but nearly always with one of two results. The idyllic Brandywine has caused sentiment fairly to gush from the medium-calibered poetic mind; the tumultuous rapids and rocky bluffs of the river in its wilder passages have most unfortunately stimulated the romantic imagination of novelists, and bred hermits, Indian maidens, endangered heiresses, mysterious strangers, and fabulous adventures, usually by moonlight. The idyllic, which is sincere but mild, and the romantic, which is not too sincere and usually melodrama, are the qualities characteristic of the literature of the Brandywine.

In East Brandywine township, well up in the Forks and above Downingtown, is Corners' Ketch, the birthplace in 1822 of a once glamorous star of American art, Thomas Buchanan Read, poet, painter, and patriot. In reverse order, and restating the credentials of this Chester County boy who got to "know everybody" abroad and at home, Read was an excellent propagandist for the North in the Civil War, when he stirred martial enthusiasm by reading his patriotic poems, a painter of reputation now almost forgotten, and the author of at least two poems which seem likely to persist. How we used to declaim his "Sheridan's Ride" in school, with its refrain "And Sheridan twenty miles away"! It is, I believe, quite unhistorical, but did wonders in establishing a reputation for the northern cavalry which was so often and so decisively beaten by the Confederates. And no reader of anthologies has missed "Drifting," Read's nostalgic lyric of Italian beauty:

> My soul to-day
> Is far away,
> Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
> My wingéd boat,
> A bird afloat
> Swims round the purple peaks remote.

The American poet of Read's day simply had to have purple peaks, and crags. If he could not go abroad for them, he inserted them at home.

Read had a nice gift for rhythm, particularly in his lyrics. But one has only to read his long pastorals, which often touch on Brandywine scenes, or his semi-epics, to understand what I mean by saying that the Brandywine seemed to breed sentimental romance. Of course, it was a period in which sentiment ran easily in America except in Concord and in Walt Whitman, and an American time when to be imitative of the flourishing English writers was so common as to be undetected, even by the imitators themselves. These belligerently patriotic Americans, such as Read and Bayard Taylor, were either unashamed or, more probably, unconscious, of their literary colonialism. In any case, the blend of sentiment with the second-hand fermented badly.

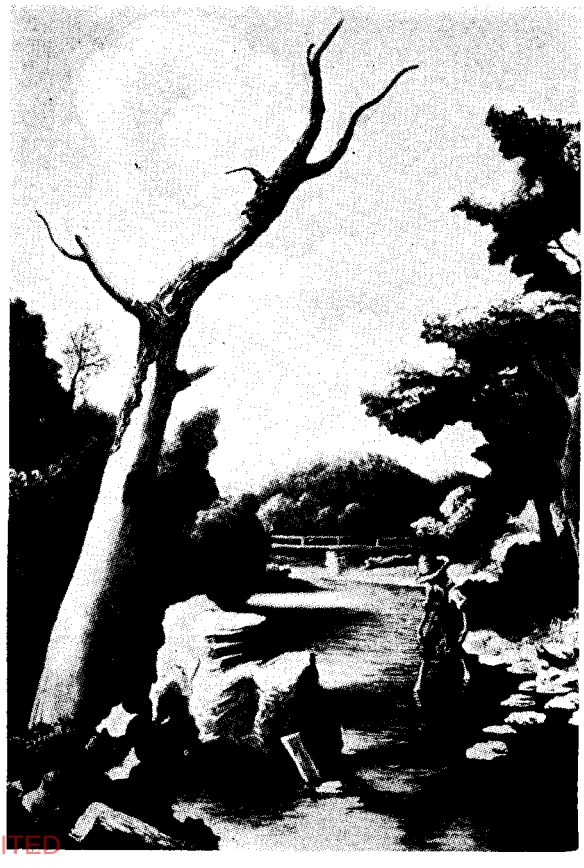
Read began with a novel, "Paul Redding, A Tale of the Brandywine," published in Boston in 1845 and now a collector's item. It is a melodrama salted with humor, which is American in so far as its inspiration comes from Washington Irving. It is a wild tale in the taste of the sentimental Annuals of the period, of a repentant murderer and a wandering heir. The novel owes nothing to the Brandywine, except a romantic central scene of wild woods and cliffs visited at night and some pastoral description. But there is a bit of incorporated verse which is, I think, the best poem yet written on our river:

> Not Juniata's rocky tide
> That bursts its mountain barriers wide,
> Nor Susquehanna broad and fair,
> Nor thou, sea-drinking Delaware,
> May with that lovely stream compare
> That draws its winding silver line
> Through Chester's storied vales and hills,
> The bright, the laughing Brandywine,
> That dallies with its hundred mills.

These quotable lines, with their excellent epithets for both the Delaware and the Brandywine, are worth all the prose of the novel.

But romance ran away with this patriot when he chose for the theme of what was evidently meant as a national epic the Battle of the Brandy-

From the drawing by Thomas Benton



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wine, used as the center and climax of his "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies."

The Battle of the Brandywine was a dramatic and spectacular contest, as battles go, but it was a stern business of surprise and defense and improvised tactics, and the confusion of near demoralization. Though Lafayette, when wounded, told Washington that he was glad of it, the mood was decidedly not romantic on either side. The Americans were panicky; the British were after a "hell of a fine country." But in Read's alchemic glass the colors change to the glamours of the days of chivalry. His poem deals largely with the Tory inheritance of grandeur in "Berkeley's Hall," a Jacobean manor on the Brandywine. And his battle is keyed to all the panoplies of glorious, and medieval, war.

The shrewd Hessian, General Knyphausen, knowing from the cannon fire to the north of him that Sullivan was outflanked, sent his regiments through the ford to strike at Proctor and Wayne. It was a tough crossing of infantry, but becomes in Read a knights' combat in midstream:

Anon was heard the opening war
Which called us to the bristling shore;
And now the fearful scene was won
Where deadly gun replied to gun, . . .
While in the stream, with plunge and splash,
Though thrice our numbers on us poured,
We dealt the thick foe crash for crash,
And strove to hold the ford.

Now was the time you should have seen
Bold Ringbolt with his towering mien;
Have heard his voice, have seen his blow
Which drove the heavy weapon home,
Each stroke of which unhorsed a foe,
And sent him reeling red below.

British as well as Americans were subject to this kind of chivalric dream; but the British army at least kept it in the realm of pure fancy. Next year, at Philadelphia, the officers of the army staged a so-called Mschianza, at Mr. Wharton's country place, in honor of General Howe's retirement and departure for home. There knights tilted, if they did not use broadswords as in Read's battle, and Tory belles looked on.

In Read's fight at the ford, the "banner boy," with his sacred standard, goes down. The Stars and Stripes, according to tradition, was first unfurled on September 3rd, in a preliminary to the Brandywine battle, at Cooch's Bridge in Delaware; but by the 11th of the month the flag has acquired a "banner boy," who is avenged by Ringbolt on the trooper who trampled him down. Ringbolt hews him "wellnigh from throat to mane":

The hour was loud, but louder still
Anon the rage of battle roared
Its wild and murderous will;
From Jefferis down to Wistar's ford,
From Jones to Chads the cannon poured,
While thundered Osborne Hill.

Here Sullivan in fury trooped,
There Weedon like an eagle swooped, . . .
And once or twice our eye descried,
Mid clouds a moment blown aside, . . .
The *Jove* of battle ride!

And every eye new courage won
Which gazed that hour on Washington.

In all this rhetoric, it may be said that only the last two lines have any true reference to reality.

"Sleets of lead," "sheets of flame," "hot hail" hiss and roar in "clouds of sulphur," until the day is lost. Yet, in spite of his clichés, and his loose imitative language, Read has a narrative movement and often an idyllic charm which will explain why, when read aloud, his poetry was so successful.

THE earliest appearances of the Brandywine in what might be called literature are in William Cobbett's justly famous book "Rural Rides" (1830), and in James Kirke Paulding's "Koningsmarke: The Long Finn" (1823). Cobbett, after settling down to a brilliant career in politics and humanitarianism, recorded his rural journeyings through England in one of the really good travel books of English literature. His references are to the valley of the Middle Brandywine, not Wilmington, and for the sake of faraway comparison only. Paulding, satirist and poet, followed the trail of his friend Irving in writing "Koningsmarke," a burlesque novel of the Dutch, Swedes, and English on the Delaware, with its best chapter an account of Indian warfare vaguely suggested by the fishing quarrels on Brandywine. An attempted rebellion among the Swedes is its historical source, but it has no historical value. Far less pointed than Irving's "Knickerbocker History," it need scarcely be mentioned in this narrative, except for a hermit of homicidal tendencies who, characteristically, inhabits the wilds of what Paulding seems to have intended to be the lower Brandywine.

With the publication in 1846 of "Blanche of the Brandywine; or September the Eleventh, 1777," written by the successful American novelist, George Lippard, who was born at Chester Springs near the Brandywine, we get a full-size attempt to immortalize the river in literature. And, in-

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The Fragments of Genius

MARK TWAIN IN ERUPTION. Hitherto Unpublished Papers by One of America's Greatest Writers. By Mark Twain. Edited with an introduction by Bernard DeVoto. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1940. 402 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by NORMAN HOLMES PEARSON

A LOT of Christmas trees will have be-ribboned copies of "Mark Twain in Eruption" tucked away under their green branches. At any rate they ought to have, if all's right with the season, for there is hardly an American who would not write an enthusiastic thank-you-for-the-gift to "Aunt Harriet," to "Hal," or to "Guess Who." The book contains a little of every part of the real Mark Twain. The moods of "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," "Huckleberry Finn," and "The Mysterious Stranger" are all here, with much too vigorous a force to leave the reader with only a sense of nostalgia. The book is exhilarating reading, and there are sections which will find their way alongside the best that Mark Twain wrote.

> I know of a turkey hen that tried during several weeks to hatch out a porcelain egg, then the gobbler took the job and sat on that egg two entire summers and at last hatched it. He hatched out of it a doll's tea set of fourteen pieces, and all perfect except that the teapot had no spout on account of the material running out. Carlyle said, "a lie cannot live." It shows that he did not know how to tell them.

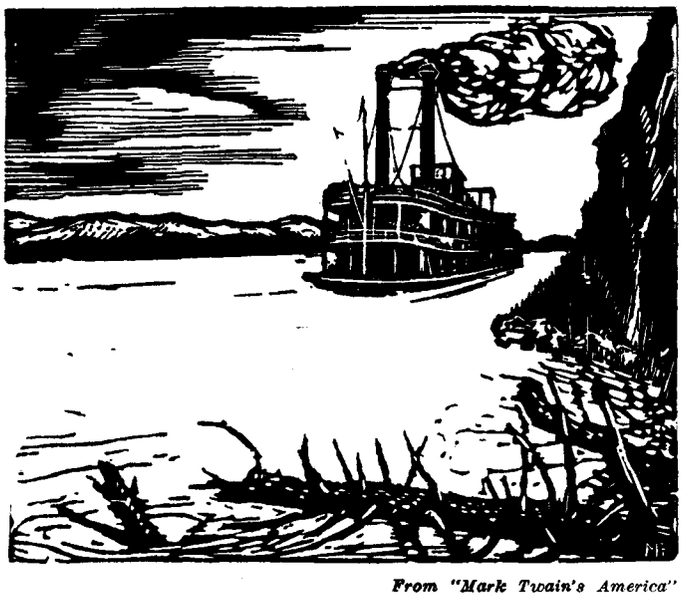
Bernard DeVoto has given us some extremes of what he calls Mark Twain's "eruption," plus a good deal in between. He knows his business. Mark Twain has been a profession for Mr. DeVoto for a good many years. Now "having shouted louder than anyone else for the privilege . . . of examining the Mark Twain manuscripts," as he once said, he has them all to himself. "Mark Twain in Eruption" is a continuation of "Mark Twain's Autobiography," and its selections are exclusively from the material which Albert Bigelow Paine rejected in the first editing. That the rejections were not always wisely made, Mr. DeVoto pleasantly indicates.

Theodore Roosevelt and Andrew Carnegie stumble into the literature of American humor, impelled by the full brunt of Mark Twain's boot. He remarks on Roosevelt's hunt for a bear: "I am sure the President honestly thinks it was a bear, but . . . it even left a cow track behind, which is what a cow would do . . . if it knew a President of the United States was after it." And the deftness with which Twain manipulates a long passage describing an altercation between Roosevelt and a "nature fakir" is a superb example of his particular wit. "Wild creatures often do extraordinary things. Look at Mr. Roosevelt's own performances." It is hardly necessary for a reader even to have heard the name of Carnegie to recognize that we now have a new American Geron-tion (not Mr. Eliot's parched old man, but the bumbling figure of Molière's comedies). "If I were going to describe him in a phrase I think I should call him the Human Being Unconcealed. He is just like the rest of the human race but with this difference, that the rest of the race try to conceal what they are and succeed, whereas Andrew tries to conceal what he is but doesn't succeed." The process by which Carnegie exposes himself is the proper nightcap for Christmas, or any other exhausting day.

Mr. DeVoto, in piecing together the fragments which make up "Mark Twain in Eruption," has gone about to "make a book which, I thought, would interest many people and add much that was characteristic and something that was new to our picture of Mark Twain." Where Paine decorously observed the original cut and condition of the autobiography, Mr. DeVoto has trimmed and darned. The result is to Mark Twain's advantage. What might at first thought be considered a breach of editorial responsibility is in reality its very assumption. What is wholly admirable, Mr. DeVoto is explicit in detailing his editorial practice—a new and welcome procedure in editing Twain. That much fine and characteristic writing has been added to the body of Mark Twain's work will be obvious to everyone. That which is "new to our picture" will be chiefly found in relation to Mark Twain's view of the social and political conditions of his age. His concern with the process by which monarchy is to be developed out of democracy (a development which seemed to him bitter but inevitable) throws important light upon "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," and others of his later writings. That Mr. DeVoto himself was perhaps the first to emphasize this focus may explain his editorial predilection for chapter and verse to substantiate the view. It is a view, incidently, which Mr. DeVoto re-sketches in his introduction to the volume, an introduction which is at the same time Mr. DeVoto's best writing on Mark Twain and one of the most lucid sketches on him we have.

Broad previous hinting by Mr. DeVoto had promised much. If the volume disappoints, it is not on its own terms, as a continuation of the "Autobiography," but on grounds which Mr. DeVoto admits in his preface: that the "Autobiography" is hardly the most significant of Twain's writing, and that the real history of Samuel Clemens is not to be found there but in the more symbolical accounts of his "Huckleberry Finn," and "The Mysterious Stranger."

Mr. DeVoto has, however, given us much to be grateful for. In an unpublished letter, Clemens once wrote: "So long as I continue to dig $70,000 a year out of Harpers on magazine stuff and old copyrights you will always find me acting respectable." "Mark Twain in Eruption" is not quite respectable; but Mark Twain is still with Harpers, and there will evidently still be royalties.



From "Mark Twain's America"

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Harper's Bazaar

Virginia Woolf

Prince Charming

FRANK J. MATHER, JR.

ONE who knew Roger Fry as Prince Charming in his curator's office at the Metropolitan Museum, and twenty-five years later knew him as an internationally famous sage in his Bloomsbury home at London, will read Mrs. Woolf's sensitive and understanding pages* with astonishment at the mass of frustration they record.

As an austerely bred Quaker lad, Roger Fry was an exotic in the elementary and public school, consequently passed a somewhat thwarted boyhood. At Cambridge, in the Kings College of James, Oscar Browning, and Sir Austen Leigh, he first found liberation. There for the literary club, the Apennines, he commenced criticism with papers on Jane Austen, Blake, George Eliot, and the "Biglow Papers." Ashbee, Lowes Dickinson, and Edward Carpenter influenced him, and fostered a native bent towards liberalism and socialism. This turn put him further at odds with his family. Soon he was elected to "The Apostles," founded by Tennyson and Hallam and secretly devoted to the discussion of things in general.

Such experiences diverted him from science, in which he had begun, and on graduation he decided, to the grief of his father, to become a painter. Later when he was one of the world's most famous art critics, his relative failure as a painter remained a positive grief to him. At twenty-five he made an extensive tour of European galleries, especially those of Italy, and began that eager inspection and elaborate note-taking which was to make him in a few years one of the best connoisseurs of Italian painting of his day. Everywhere he met the most stimulating people, J. Addington Symmonds, Horatio Brown, and won their confidence. Further study of painting in London and Paris left him in a somewhat excited yeastiness, but created that fixation towards French art which was to govern his career as a critic.

His situation was bettered. The family relinquished its grip, and he settled at Chelsea, to fall under the influence of that remarkable pair of artists and esthetes, Ricketts and Shannon. He began writing art criticism, brilliantly anti-academic, for the *Athenaeum* and *Pilot,* and lectured successfully. In 1896, being still somewhat uneasily dependent on the paternal bounty, he married a charming and talented painter, Helen Coombe. Within two years this new happiness was shattered in the most painful way by her mental derangement. Meanwhile his pictures were consistently refused. Affection and ambition were equally wounded.

He made a heroic recovery in copious and ever more effective art criticisms for the *Athenaeum.* In 1899, he published a meritorious but hardly remarkable little book, "The Bellini," and an annoted edition of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Discourses on Painting," which was a model of insight and discretion. By 1900, at thirty-four, he was rapidly becoming the most influential art critic in London. He also painted, and his painting was completely neglected. He competed unsuccessfully for the directorship of the National Gallery, as later he was, until his very late years, to stand in vain for Slade Professorships at the English universities. Despite his great and growing vogue, he was regarded, with some justice, as unsafe.

One hardly realized that the genial, eloquently loquacious, young Englishman with his paradoxical look of a swarthy Oriental, who charmed us all at his advent in 1905, had been formed and hardened by much adversity. To be Curator of Painting at the Metropolitan was not then and indeed never has been a bed of roses. Paintings must satisfy a board of trustees, some with more means than taste, others with a leaning against the positive and towards what seems mediocre and safe, artist members who are mostly serving *ex officio* and not for any especial competence in the premises. Dominating the group in Roger Fry's time, was the President, the late J. P. Morgan, a rapacious collector occasionally inclined to use the Museum staff for his own collecting. It was a situation requiring a politic person, and Roger Fry was never that. He lasted only about five years, resigning, a fact confirmed by this biography and by Mr. Fry's statement to the writer, when Mr. Morgan wished to intercept for himself a rare painting which Roger Fry had found for the Museum.

In justice to the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum it should be admitted that while they afforded a very difficult problem to Roger Fry, he also offered a problem of no mean order to them. To be sure he got them to buy such masterpieces as Renoir's Mme. Charpentier and her Children, and a stupendous Nativity by El Greco, but he also bought bargains that were not bargains—a big "Jan Steen" which wasn't a Jan Steen, and a "Murillo" which wasn't a Murillo. Apart from this, he bought at the top of a market about to fall rapidly, English pictures of rather small appeal in New York. Then he undertook with his own rather inexperienced hands major cleaning operations on important and popular pictures. He didn't do much of any harm, as I know personally, but he cheerfully assumed risks which he had no right to assume. In short he suffered from an excessive and quite fallible overconfidence which is perhaps insufficiently emphasized in Mrs. Woolf's perceptive pages.

Meanwhile he had been influential in founding and financing the *Burlington Magazine,* and his somewhat casual but often brilliant contributions to it were building up his reputation as a connoisseur and writer at home in England. He returned to tragedy. His wife whose mental state had been for years oscillating, now was afflicted with a hopeless insanity.

In that same year, he failed of a Slade Professorship, and set London by the ears with an exhibition of Post-Impressionist Paintings at the Grafton Galleries. It was the beginning of nearly thirty years of ardent and intelligent championship of the *École de Paris.* In this difficult task Roger Fry had the advantage of keeping cool when the conservatives lost their tempers, of writing charmingly and persuasively while they indulged in heavy-handed abuse. This moral advantage he exploited to the full, and, unintentionally I believe, he made it cover certain weaknesses in dialectic. In association with Clive Bell and his talented wife, Vanessa, Roger Fry soon became the idol and leader of the young extremists on both sides of the Atlantic. Through inheritance he was now reasonably prosperous, and he designed for himself a simple and

(*Continued on page* 28)

ROGER FRY, A BIOGRAPHY. By Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1940. 307 pp., with index. $3.50.

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Percy B. Shelley

RICHARD ALDINGTON

Watercolor portrait believed to be the lost miniature of Shelley, by Edward Ellerker Williams.

THERE have been a few occasions—I wish they had been much more numerous—when I have finished a new book with a strong feeling that what I had read was a genuine contribution to literature, a book I intended to keep and to reread and to introduce to other readers. This is how I feel about Mr. White's "Shelley,"* which looks to me like the definitive life of that great poet—certainly the best documented, the most accurate, and probably the most sympathetically sensible, life yet written. It is a long book, well over one thousand pages without the notes; yet at no time did I feel any desire to skip or that Mr. White was being too detailed.

Mr. White devotes as much as ten chapters to the life of Shelley before he was twenty-one, and we may be grateful to him for having studied these early formative years so closely, while carefully avoiding all ready-made Freudian interpretations. Shelley's extreme suggestibility, and the various influences of his home, his schools, his early companions, and above all the books he read, explain much that seems almost incredible. How, for instance, did it happen that the great poet of "Prometheus Unbound," "Adonais," "Epipsychidion," and the lyrics, grew out of the author of such wild and whirling trash as Shelley's early publications both in prose and verse? The gradual development of Shelley's intellect is very carefully traced by Mr. White. It was really unlucky that Shelley was brought up with such a mixture of strictness and neglect, so that while he was rebelling against school discipline and his father, he was yet allowed to pervert his vivid imagination and sensibility with all the "horror" romances of the epoch. The astonishing thing is that the poet survived. Only one who was a great man could have done so.

Again, only a great man could have retained his sweetness and magnanimity in face of his continued shocks and disappointments in the people he idealized. And these were unpleasantly mixed up with continual money worries. For instance, Godwin, Shelley's father-in-law, was a constant and offensive borrower, and a drain on Shelley's resources; and even the beautiful and much idealized Emilia Viviani vanishes from the poet's life with a request for money. It may be thought that Mr. White gives too much attention to the sordid details of Shelley's money transactions, but I for one am extremely grateful to him for having done so. It was Shelley's peculiar misfortune to be heir to £7000 or £8000 a year, and yet always to be harassed by debts, mostly contracted in order to help other people. I had not fully realized how continuously Shelley was occupied and distressed by creditors.

Among the documents printed by Mr. White are the extremely interesting lists of books read by Shelley and Mary from 1814 to 1820. Their significance is perhaps rather more than the mere interest of knowing some of Shelley's reading. Mary Shelley was a great reader, and Shelley had the greatest respect for her intellect. Indeed, it was only under her influence and that of meeting Byron that Shelley became a poet by writing his first really great poem, the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," which is so important for an understanding of all his subsequent poetry and the idealistic philosophy of life of his later years. Mr. White's analysis of the poem and his use of it in interpreting the later work are particularly valuable.

Another fact of great importance which gradually emerges from a reading of this book is the supreme value of Mary in Shelley's life. I wholly and enthusiastically agree with Mr. White over this. Less sensitive writers on Shelley, arguing from the undoubted fact that Shelley deserted Harriet for Mary, have thought it only too deplorably likely that he was unfaithful to her—in thought, if not in fact—with Claire, with Jane Williams, with Emilia, and other young women. But that, as Mr. White implies rather than says, is to misread the very extraordinary man Shelley was. Because he was deeply moved and stirred up by finding in Emilia a spiritual harmony he had gradually discovered was wanting in Mary, did not mean that he either had transferred or wanted to transfer his love from Mary to Emilia.

Yet everyone has felt that there was some dissension between Shelley and Mary, and there was the "Hoppner scandal"—that Claire had had a child by Shelley in Naples—to explain. This latter was rendered all the more difficult when in 1936 it was discovered in the Naples archives that Shelley had registered a child, Elena Adelaide, on the 27th of February, 1819. Taken in connection with the gloom of Shelley's poems before and during that period, this discovery certainly looked as if the Hoppner scandal might have been true, after all! Mr. White's explanation, though admittedly not absolutely checked by documents at every point, seems to me on reflection to be the reasonable and right one.

There was a breach between Shelley and Mary, and Claire had something to do with it. There was infidelity with Claire, but against Mary's wishes, Shelley took Claire to Venice in an attempt to persuade Byron to allow her to see Allegra. To further this plan, Shelley told Byron a lie—that Claire and Mary were at Padua—and then hastily sent for Mary and the children. Travelling in very hot weather resulted in the death of their little girl, Clara, and she blamed Shelley. Hence the tone of grief and complaint which just at that time becomes evident in his poetry.

The child registered in Naples was neither Shelley's nor Mary's nor Claire's, but a stranger, bought from a foundling home and registered because adoption of children was not then legal in England. Shelley had always a mania for adopting babies, and had more than once been stopped by his friends from doing so. It would hardly seem credible in another man, but it is entirely credible in the idealistic, benevolent, and curious Shelley, that he actually thought this strange little foundling would console Mary for the loss of her own child! Two Italian servants, afterwards dismissed, got to know something about Elena, and it was from their gossip the whole scandal started. Here, I believe, Mr. White has cleared up the one great mystery in Shelley's life.

I have only been able to indicate a few of the points of interest in this work, yet I hope they may be sufficient to show that this biography must be read by everyone who has the slightest interest in Shelley and any real respect for his genius and memory.

**SHELLEY. By Newman Ivey White. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 2 vols. 1890 pp., with index. $12.50.*

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Europe's Tragedy in Seven Acts

SEVEN MYSTERIES OF EUROPE. By Jules Romains. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

M. ROMAINS is internationally known as one of the leading novelists of modern France. It is only from his present book that one learns that he was privately taking a hand in international politics, going on confidential unofficial missions for the French Government and, sometimes on his own account, offering advice to the Quai D'Orsay and associating with Otto Abetz, one of the most persuasive of Nazi "goodwill ambassadors" in France before the outbreak of hostilities. Romains still regards Abetz as "a man of goodwill;" others may be more sceptical.

And Romains the novelist, the keen psychological observer makes a more favorable impression than Romains the amateur unofficial diplomat. The latter is sometimes confused in his thinking and naive in his reactions. The former is brilliant, searching, sometimes profound in his analysis of men and the mainsprings of their action or inaction.

M. Romains succeeds in making Daladier both credible and interesting as "a dictator hampered by a democratic conscience. Crushed beneath the weight of responsibility, he constantly hesitated and procrastinated when it was a matter of taking important decisions. At the same time he contracted some of the failings of dictators: a prima donna sensitiveness to criticism, suspicion of others, a conviction that he was always right.

Equally subtle and lifelike is M. Romains's interpretation of Generalissimo Gamelin. Gamelin enjoyed a reputation for being a student of Bergson; and the author, on the basis of a long personal conversation, depicts him as a man of luminous intelligence, completely unmatched by a corresponding element of will. Gamelin, in his talk with Romains, foresaw both the general outline and even the timing of the German *blitzkrieg;* it would come, he thought, in May.

Jules Romains is inclined to select the failure to check Mussolini in Abyssinia as the fatal episode in modern European history. In his last chapter, "Who Saved Fascism?", he indulges in some interesting speculation on what might have happened if sanctions had been vigorously pressed, if the Suez Canal had been closed, if oil had been cut off from Italy. He cites the former Japanese Ambassador to Italy, Yotaro Sugimura, as authority for the statement that Mussolini was ready to blow his brains out in December, 1935, that he even showed the Japanese ambassador a revolver which he kept in his desk for this purpose.

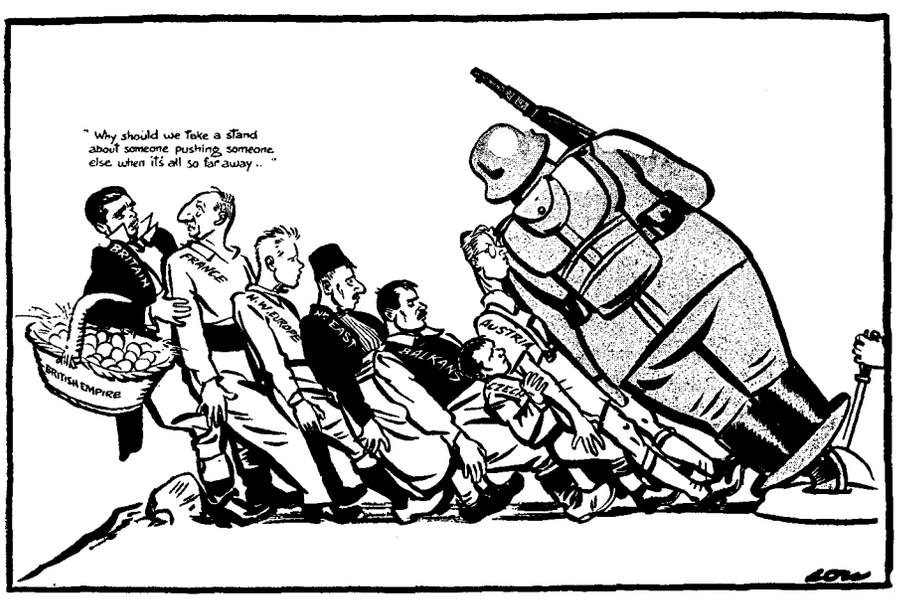
Romains also asserts, on the basis of a talk with the well-known French Radical Socialist politician, Yvon Delbos, then Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies, that the French Government on December 2 received a confidential appeal from Mussolini, asking that the oil embargo be applied, so as to give him a face-saving means of withdrawing from the political stage. Delbos was overjoyed, foreseeing that the fall of Mussolini would soon be followed by the elimination of his fellow-dictator in Berlin. There was even concrete discussion of the conservative moderate government, supported by the authority of the Italian King, which was to take over when Mussolini withdrew.

Jules Romains

This story is scarcely capable of documentary proof. It is not inherently improbable, however, if one recalls the portrait of Mussolini drawn by an associate of his socialist years, Angelica Balabanov, the Russian international revolutionary.

What then saved fascism? M. Romains places the blame on Pierre Laval, who had "given away" Abyssinia to Mussolini, perhaps without even knowing very well where the country was; on British conservatives who feared anarchy and communism after the fall of fascism, and on King Leopold of Belgium. The latter, according to M. Romains, made a secret personal appeal on behalf of the House of Savoy which carried considerable weight in London.

There are many mysteries of Europe besides the seven which M. Romains poses. When and how, for instance, did Hitler and Stalin come together? What evil genius prompted Neville Chamberlain to give the British guaranty to Poland without even taking out the dubious insurance which a preliminary understanding with Russia would have represented? No one is now in a position to solve all these "mysterie" satisfactorily; perhaps a future generation will have interesting revelations in the memoirs of Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini. What M. Romains offers, however, is a candid record of the experiences and impressions of a man of letters who has dabbled extensively in contemporary politics, lit up with occasional silhouettes of individual personalities which bear the imprint of authentic genius.



From "A Cartoon History of Our Times"

Prophecy? **This cartoon by Low appeared in February, 1938.**

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Broken English

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE great anthology of literature of which I have dreamed so long under the title of "Broken English" will, I suppose, never be accomplished. It would contain as much bad grammar as good and almost as much comedy or ribaldry as beauty. When I think of it as "Broken English" I mean our language broken apart to reveal its multitude of moods and uses. An F.B.I. Notice on the Post Office bulletin board describing a fugitive bandit (there is one at this present in a Long Island Post Office telling how he may be recognized by a peculiar tear in the back of a leather zipper jacket) would be not less eloquent to my purpose than Milton's description of his dangerous tall angel. Casual or indignant letters from friends, memoranda left on the kitchen table by the maid, bond-sellers' allocutions, conversation overheard in the subway, Western Union form telegrams—and so forth. Humanity struggling to express, impress, or repress would cry its whole gamut in my imagined scrapbook. I realize of course that such an album-nigrum would be embarrassment of riches; it would be life itself.

But even to suggest it can do no harm.

For my momentary parallel I go to one of the most interesting enlargements of classroom technique, the supreme example of a kind of literary teaching, viz., the problem of the director rehearsing a theatrical company of young actors. In any other field of the arts discipline may break down, as it has so widely broken down in later years. It cannot do so in the theatre without artistic catastrophe. It is the director's job not only to teach the performer what he is thinking, but every mortal symptom of that thought. The actor may possibly be more sensitive or intelligent than the director (or the author) but for the moment discipline is paramount. The director has made it his business to form a picture and plan; every individual impulse must be subordinate to the not impossible audience.

In such a task one learns how slovenly the English teaching of this generation has done its work. The mere presence of a group of young actors in the theatre might imply that they at least have ambition, yet four out of seven can scarcely read English text above the guttural and intellectual frontier of the tabloids. Any word not frequent in Winchell seems unknown to them, and they have little conception of the thousand discriminations of accent, posture, physiognomy, and enunciation which are the tit-tat-toe of the stage. What conclusion can there be but that their English teachers never gave them the prime idea that human feeling is the punctuation of literature?

Is it possible, I say to myself, that so many readers do not realize that almost every piece of writing which can stand as an integer is consciously or unconsciously plotted as warily as a stage play? Look through any anthology of verse and see how many formal lyrics have three stanzas, just as the modern play has tried to crystallize itself in triplicate. They have three stanzas because they must: as the commonest form of musical rhythm embodies three impulses in a four-time frame. It is not unknown that most enduring forms of folk art, whether fairy tales or vulgar anecdotes, build their crescendo in three steps. For compromise with the necessities of occasion this pattern will often be evaded, but instinctively it is usually there. In the case of the theatre the entrepreneur considering the physical convenience of the customers allows them time out at comfortable intervals. But this is equally necessary in literature too. Poe's paradox about there being no such thing as a great poem more than one hundred lines long, viz., that high fidelity reception in the mind is limited and brief—is worth remembering.

So I remind myself that the first lesson in our literary paradigm is to consider human communication as a part of human biology. In every written text which deserves print there were reasons for its being done the way it was. To examine and relish some of those reasons gives the student his godlike purview.

There is an old theatrical superstition that it is well before a play opens to sprinkle salt on the stage. These notes of ricochet are an attempt to sprinkle a little salt on the noble drama of teaching English.

AT this moment I feel as though the only textbook necessary for freshmen in the English language would be *Hamlet*. Its very second speech — "Answer me: stand and unfold yourself" —is the text of freshman year. And every student sensitive enough to deserve the name is probably in Hamlet mood.

College education maybe is partly in pretending to be the same so that one has private freedom to be different. You will not too hastily condemn the traditional comedy of "What did the author have in mind?" because some consideration of his struggle is good practice for one's own. One value in examining routine journalism is to learn that the angel does not always come tiptoe on a path of fire but is a hodiernal brute beset by deadline and bacillus.

You will never have so much time or fewer agitations than now.

EVERY other education can be yours too if you wish. I am thinking of *Hogg's extraordinary description of* Shelley's short time at Oxford. I am thinking of the upstairs room in a London lodging—now perhaps fallen in splinters—where a young man came upstairs and found his medical-student roommate sitting at the window lost in thought as he watched dust motes sparkling in one of London's scanty slants of sunshine. The medical student started from his reverie and remarked casually, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." I am thinking how young Coleridge, a boy at Cambridge, was captivated by the magic of a word. That word, as was his habit, he magnified and illuminated with all his private dreams. The word was Susquehanna. Nearly a century and a half later you will find, if you care to, the downward valleys of that stream all the more lovely because Coleridge—however absurdly—had dreamed them.

In all the intricate mechanism and

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fabrication of industry there is no processing so efficient, so marketable, as what literature can do to preserve and distribute emotion. No cellophane wrapper keeps the goods so intact.

Not every student is likely to be a young Shelley, Keats, or Coleridge; certainly few would wish to undergo, even if offered at free choice, the alternating currents of the fully creative mind. But not to be aware of such human sensibilities is to live on a stage half lit. Before the enormous weight of human mediocrity and nonsense dulls your fresh indignant feelings now is your chance.

My favorite apothegm coined for myself is, Dogs don't bark at the milkman. The routine of Harvard and Yale is perhaps as prosaic and scheduled as that of Sheffield and Borden; but only the ill-conditioned mongrel snaps too persistently at their heels.

In the Susequehanna dream valley of youth whatever accident happens is probably lucky. It may be a particular alcove in a library, it may be some felicitous bull-session, it may be some unrequired assignment. It might even be the suggestion, if you reach it quickly enough, that every great literature was written intentionally for you. When Swift was describing Gulliver bound down in the trivial twine of Lilliput it was not just an amusing episode but a warning to ourselves. Every ingenuity that the dwarfs of the world can muster will be wrapped around you to keep you helpless.

To study literature in a volume of selections is about as practical as studying a forest in a cord of firewood. I remember a college professor who used to surprise the neighbors on a conventional city street by having a wagon-load of firewood delivered onto the pavement because he so enjoyed heaving it into the cellar himself. This under artificial conditions was as close to actuality as he could get; he could not fell and split the timber. College courses in the same way deliver well trimmed fagots and kindling; we are permitted or encouraged to stack them neatly in formal bins. But it is important to realize that those bins are only for convenience. The angry humor of the journalist Hazlitt makes him more contemporary of today than many people now writing. One wishes that the silver buckle he once lost in the sand of Cape Cod might be rediscovered as a talisman. Perhaps no writer was ever more violently conscious of his moments than Hazlitt; his mind skated on so crystalline an ice of consciousness that he often broke through and interrupted what he was thinking by an uncontrollable ejaculation of how he felt. Every teacher of composition would naturally protest this; it was bad composition but exquisite literature. The teacher's job is to drill mediocrity. Anything better than mediocrity undergoes the sore problem of drilling itself.

Mediocrity thinks of life as weight to be endured, but it can also be thought of as a plastic to be moulded.

We were not speaking of the woodpile in any condescension. The cord of wood seasoning in afternoon has its own special charms—a perfume all its own, and the activity of interesting critical insects. One could spend (and many do) a happy life in shelter alongside the woodpile without ever having explored the forest alive. Virgil comes to my mind. The way we encounter him he is stacked up like planks at the saw mill. How rarely do we consider what must have been the joy and reach and curiosity of his mind as he laid the red-hot metal of Roman history on his secret anvil and hammered out his armored works. "Bronze trumpets and sea-water," said Elinor Wylie, were the symbols of the Latin tongue, showing in that phrase her own imperial insight. One must not depend on organized teaching for that kind of insight. It is the excitement of the student to divine it for himself. It is the excitement of the true teacher to try to help.

Once I said to myself, "Deep in the parallel forest, fancy the sunburned carbonaro tends his sullen fire." What did the author have in mind? It would take space to expound. The carbonaro is symbol of the artist and as your Italian histories will tell you, he was not only a charcoal burner but also a conspirator. And just so in any romantic forest and in any unspoiled mind you will find somewhere a lonely clearing and a smouldering fire.

The SRL Christmas List

"New England: Indian Summer." By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $3.
New England's great period of literature depicted in its sunset glory.

"For Whom the Bell Tolls." By Ernest Hemingway. Scribners. $2.75.
A powerful and moving novel of the Spanish Civil War as lived by a guerilla band of loyalists.

"Pilgrim's Way." By John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
Lord Tweedsmuir's autobiography, the chronicle of a rich personality and notable career.

"John D. Rockefeller." By Allan Nevins. Scribners. $7.50.
An exhaustive and illuminating biography of the great industrialist based on extensive research.

"Europe in the Spring." By Claire Booth. Knopf. $2.50.
A brilliant and informative interpretation of the events and mental attitudes which led to the tragic defeat of France.

"You Can't Go Home Again." By Thomas Wolfe. Harpers. $3.
A posthumous work continuing the chronicle of George Webber, the most disciplined novel to come from its author's pen.

"Trelawny." By Margaret M. Armstrong. Macmillan. $3.
A biography of the friend of Shelley and Byron whose colorful life proves fact can be more romantic than fiction.

"Mrs. Miniver." By Jan Struther. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Sprightly sketches of the daily round of life in war-time England by a brilliant English woman.

"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter." By Carson McCullers. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
A novel by a young writer in which the story of two deaf mutes is told with remarkable subtlety and poignance.

"Oliver Wiswell." By Kenneth Roberts. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
An historical novel in which the early period of the Revolution is presented with sympathetic understanding from the loyalist angle.

"Audubon's America." Edited by Donald Culross Peattie. Houghton Mifflin. $6.
A well-chosen selection of representative extracts from the writings of John James Audubon, together with an interpretative introduction and notes by the editor.

"Home Town." By Sherwood Anderson. Alliance Book Corporation. $2.50.
A volume in the Face of America series with a textual gloss on a collection of handsome photographs.

"Shelley." By Newman Ivey White. Knopf. $12.50.
An indispensable biography for the student and for the lover of Shelley and poetry.

"To the Finland Station." By Edmund Wilson. Harcourt, Brace. $4.
An interpretative account of Bolshevism and its failures as observed by a highly intelligent idealist.

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Books Our Reviewers Are Giving For Christmas*

WILLIAM JAY GOLD	For Whom the Bell Tolls	Count Ten	Audubon's America	New England: Indian Summer	
JACQUES BARZUN	The Arts and the Art of Criticism	Reason, Social Myths, and Democracy	The Moral Basis of Democracy	The Critical Composer	
JAMES F. GREEN	Where Do We Go From Here?	Why England Slept	Canada: America's Problem	Isolated America	Winston Churchill
GEORGE DANGERFIELD	Fables for Our Time	For Whom the Bell Tolls	To the Finland Station	The Sword in the Stone	Horace Walpole
SELDEN RODMAN	Love in the Western World	The United States of Europe	Collected Poems Kenneth Fearing	The Dream We Lost	Author in Transit
LOUIS KRONENBERGER	For Whom the Bell Tolls	New England: Indian Summer	Where Do We Go From Here?	A Treasury of the World's Great Letters	
ERNEST BOYD	An Irish Journey	Dutch Interior	New England: Indian Summer	The Pilgrim Hawk	The Revolt of the Masses
WALDO FRANK	In the Money	Scholasticism and Politics	Mr. Smith and Mr. Schmidt	Christianity and Power Politics	
WM. LYON PHELPS	Doctor at Timberline	Big River to Cross	The White Cliff	A World of Stories for Children	I Married Adventure
DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN	The Vanishing Virginian	I Rode with Stonewall	John D. Rockefeller	Faith for Living	
PHIL STONG	Mr. Littlejohn	No Hour of History	The Sword in the Stone	Dutch Vet	The Confidential Agent
PAUL ROSENFELD	To the Finland Station	New England: Indian Summer	Faith for Living	Twice a Year for 1940	In the Money
JAMES T. FARRELL	Letters from the Corsican	The Triumph of Willie Pond	The School for Dictators	The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire	Schweik, the Good Soldier
RAYMOND HOLDEN	Audubon's America	The Riddle of the Sands	A Treasury of American Song	A Treasury of the World's Great Letters	For Whom the Bell Tolls
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN	For Whom the Bell Tolls	New England: Indian Summer	To the Finland Station	The Pilgrim Hawk	The President Makers
HENRY F. PRINGLE	Hugh Young: A Surgeon's Autobiography	For Whom the Bell Tolls	John D. Rockefeller		
IRWIN EDMAN	The Realm of Spirit	Mrs Miniver	The Ill-Made Knight	Pilgrim's Way	"Shall Not Perish from the Earth"
RICHARD ALDINGTON	Psychology of Sex	The Necessity for Atheism	Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire		
MAX LERNER	Where Do We Go From Here?	The Triumph of American Capitalism	A Man's Place	A Programme for Progress	De Tocqueville and Beaumont in America
WM. H. CHAMBERLIN	Tragedy in France	The Dream We Lost	They Wanted War		
LOUIS ADAMIC	Audubon's America	New England: Indian Summer	Dago Red	Giants in the Earth	O. E. Rolvaag, A Biography
H. M. LYDENBERG	Don Quixote	The Golden Bough	Mark Twain in Eruption	Washington and the Revolution	A Treasury of the World's Great Letters
CLYDE BRION DAVIS	Kitty Foyle	The Great Mistake	The Ill-Made Knight	The War Years	Sullivan
CARL CARMER	Oliver Wiswell	Audubon's America	Washington and the Revolution	Big River to Cross	A Pocketful of Wry
ALEXANDER COWIE	Final Edition	Sapphira and the Slave Girl	Schubert and his Merry Friends	Nicholas Nickleby	
CARLETON BEALS	The Grapes of Wrath	On the Long Tide	The President Makers	Audubon's America	A Treasury of the World's Great Letters
AGNES ROTHERY	All About Lucia	The All-American Front	South American Cook Book	The Garden Encyclopedia	South American Roundabout
DUDLEY FITTS	For Whom the Bell Tolls	In the Money	Last Poems and Plays	Freedom's Battle	The Irresponsibles
PHYLLIS McGINLEY	Short Stories from the New Yorker	Bartlett's Familiar Quotations	Mrs. Miniver	Glory Spent	A Pocketful of Wry
JONATHAN DANIELS	The Vanishing Virginian	You Can't Go Home Again	For Whom the Bell Tolls	New England: Indian Summer	Trelawny
JOSEPH H. JACKSON	Around the World in San Francisco	Land of the Eye	California and the West	Upland Game Shooting	This Is My Own
HASSOLDT DAVIS	For Whom the Bell Tolls	The Ill-Made Knight	Oliver Wiswell	Out of Africa	The Mixture as Before
RICHARD A. CORDELL	Mark Twain in Eruption	The Golden Bough	Horace Walpole	Walden	

*A LISTING OF THESE BOOKS, ACCORDING TO AUTHOR, PUBLISHER, AND PRICE, IS PUBLISHED ON PAGE 34.

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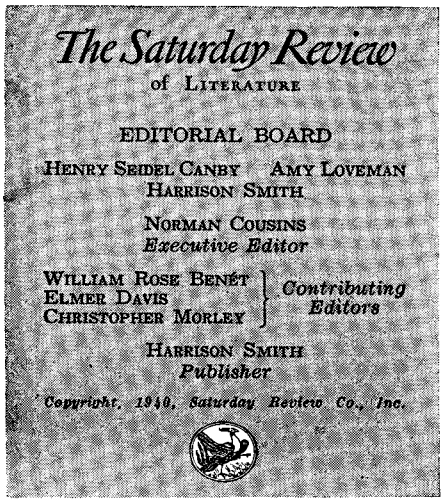

BACK-SEAT-DRIVERS' DEPARTMENT

IN this space occasionally, the editors suggest what they believe might make interesting subjects for books. But in outlining these suggestions, we feel it necessary to emphasize that ours is the layman's approach; we are not in the book publishing business, are not competent to pass upon the merchandising and numerous other factors which figure in the publisher's decision to contract for a book. For the most part, then, these suggestions reflect an editorial rather than a commercial viewpoint. We hope this does not automatically make them poor business bets.

With the best of intentions, therefore, we suggest the following:

Biography

1. & 2. The field for American biographies is becoming increasingly smaller. Our Presidents are well represented; so, too, are a great many of our leading statesmen. Still awaiting first-rate treatment by first-rate biographers, however, are two important figures in American history: John Hancock and Henry Cabot Lodge. What both have in common are eventful, stormy lives with a fair share of the opprobrious. Perhaps it is this last quality that has frightened away the biographer, especially where it may have been necessary to work with family papers. Whatever the reason—whether neglected or overlooked for cause—the lives of John Hancock and Henry Cabot Lodge would make worthwhile biographical subjects.

3. Another possibility in the biographical category would be a book consisting of the brief life stories of about a dozen men who were considered worthy for the Presidency by their parties but who failed election. It is doubtful whether many people, outside the classroom or history groups, can identify such names as William H. Crawford, John Bell, John C. Breckinridge, Horatio Seymour, Charles O'Connor, "Hancock the Superb," or General James B. Weaver, but all of them were important figures who had a hand in the history of their day. As little-known chapters in American history, a book of short sketches dealing with the lives of these men might provide illuminating and profitable reading. Possible title: "They Also Ran."

General Non-Fiction

4. A readable, short, up-to-date version of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." While re-worked editions are available, there is still need for a version suitable for general distribution. Such a version might also be adaptable to high school use.

5. A series of books which would do for the world's great avenues and boulevards what, for example, the project edited by Stephen Vincent Benét and Carl Carmer has done and is doing for great rivers. Some of the world's greatest streets, as a result of the war, may be left without a future; they are as much the victims or fatalities of war as the people who have lived and walked and ridden on them. Now is the time—while the glories of these famous streets are still fresh in our minds—to set down their stories. London's Strand, Baker Street, and Regent Street; Berlin's Unter den Linden, Warsaw's Krakowskie Przedmiescie; Shanghai's Nanking Road—all these are only a few of the world's great streets upon which the war has left its wounds—perhaps mortally in some cases, perhaps reparable in others. At any rate, an important phase in their history has ended. Paris's Champs Élysées and Boulevard St. Germain, Marseilles's Rue Cannebrière, and Lyons's Rue de la Republique have not yet been bombed, it is true, but something has gone out of these streets that may never return. This project need not be restricted to post-mortems: eligible also for inclusion would be the great streets of the Americas—Broadway, Buenos Aires's Avenida de Mayo, Rio de Janeiro's Avenida Rio Branco.

Each of these streets—old world and new—has a story of its own to tell, each reflecting a colorful and important side of the larger story of its people. Though several dozen streets might suggest themselves as possibilities for this project, it might be wise to restrict the series to twenty books, (one for each street) on the basis of a selection made by a committee.

6. A "Dictionary of Authorities." This would, in effect, be a sort of inverse "Who's Who," although its special nature would keep its bulk down to perhaps a fraction of the "Who's Who" size. There has long been need for a reference tool which would list the nation's specialists according to specialty. More than an index of those in professional occupations, the "Dictionary" would be highly specialized, relying heavily upon special achievement or recognition—academic or otherwise—as evidence of eminence in particular fields. Thus Vilhjalmur Stefansson would not require a Ph.D. in exploration to qualify as an authority on the Arctic, nor would John Mason Brown require academic recognition to certify his standing as an eminent dramatic critic. Possible users of such a reference work: libraries, universities, newspapers, magazines, lecture chairmen, research organizations, etc.

7. A history of the square dance in America. This might make a fascinating, unique study of the favorite diversion of many millions of Americans. Perhaps nothing as much as the square dance reflects the varied cultural pattern of America. Anyone who has lived in a country community where square dances are held regularly is a witness to its vital part in the community life. The square dance, though derivative from old country folk dances, is as American as apple pie, as indispensable for many millions as clean country air.

8. "Messages for Today." This book would consist of statements, quotations, or excerpts from important works down through the ages that have special meaning *today*. Readers of *The Saturday Review* will recall, for example, that occasionally the editors republish excerpts from old works that may have seemed to be addressed to our own times. Several weeks ago, the *SRL* reprinted a passage from Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea." Other "messages for today" appearing in these pages were taken from Rousseau, Machiavelli, and William James. On another page of this issue is reprinted part of Byron's "Prophecy of Dante." Comment of readers thus far seems to indicate that a book consisting of these "messages for today" might have wide appeal.

9. We should not be surprised if the ninth and last book possibility is already on its way to being an actuality. We refer to a series of articles on England by Ralph Ingersoll, published in the New York newspaper *PM*. This series is far and away the outstanding job of news journalism in 1940; a Pulitzer Prize in reporting should be in line for its author. Mr. Ingersoll's articles are based on a recent visit to England where his apparent genius for asking the pertinent questions and looking in the pertinent places provided him with material replete with human interest and factual significance.

N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Senator-at-Large

SIR:—I heartily favor the proposal [Editorial, Nov. 30] for giving the defeated candidate for the Presidency a permanent seat in the Senate, because it corrects a serious weakness in our political system. The Senate would have been even more a great national forum in the past thirty years if it had included Taft, Hughes, Cox, Davis, Smith, Hoover and Landon. I suggest the following points for consideration:

1. The suggestion that the people vote in each election on this question might unduly complicate both the campain and election. It might be preferable to enact an amendment to make the elevation of the defeated candidate to the Senate *automatic* after each election, thus settling the issue once and for all.

2. The term "defeated candidate" should of course be made more precise, since there are normally five or six "defeated candidates," and on occasion—as in 1912 and 1924—a third party candidate who wins some electoral votes. The proposed amendment would probably read, "The person having the second greatest number of votes for President shall become Senator-at-Large. . . . "

3. The re-election of Mr. Roosevelt provides an unparalleled opportunity for the adoption of constitutional amendments relating to the electoral process. Both this proposal and one for the abolition of the electoral college might be adopted simultaneously in a relatively short time if recommended by the President and leaders of both parties.

JAMES FREDERICK GREEN.
New York, N. Y.

Note: The original proposal suggested a four-year term for the Senator-at-Large, the new occupant in each case being the defeated candidate in each election.

SIR:—Count me in on your proposal for an office for the defeated candidate in our presidential elections. The leader of the runner-up party deserves an official status from which to carry on his constituents' opposition. The office of Vice-President I'd not agree with; your idea of a Senator-at-Large, who would probably be the opposition floor leader, would serve as well without placing the premium on assassination that the original Constitutional plan does.

Another point in favor of your Senator-at-Large proposal I have long been arguing. It makes no sense to me that an American president should retire to civil life with the unanimity ours have. It doesn't happen so in other democracies of the world; chiefs of state remain in their national parliaments, senates, or chambers, after their defeats as chief executive. Our presidents generally go into insurance, railroads, column writing, or back to college. Are they that tired of it all, or are we that fed up with them? Why is it, anyhow?

H. G. CASTOR.
Doubleday, Doran & Co.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

"We're glad you liked our choice. When you're through, we'd like to read the last 150 pages."

SIR:—Personally, I can't see why if the defeated presidential candidate draws a consolation prize, the same should not go for all other candidates. Should Mr. Hague of New Jersey ever be voted out of his baliwick, what could make more for harmony than to have him reappear in the city council as vice mayor? Tammany needs a voice, too, at City Hall in New York City—I don't think Little Flower gives the boys a break.

ELIZABETH SHARP.
New York City.

Newspapers and the Election

SIR:—Re: "Newspapers and the Election" [*SRL*, Nov. 16].

People working in boiler factories reputedly get deaf. Screaming headlines, over emphasis, inaccuracies all tend to minimize newspaper influence.

HELEN M. DEFFNER.
Columbus, Wisc.

SIR:—The answer to the questions raised in the editorial "Newspapers and the Election" is really very simple. Nobody reads editorials. As to the political erudition of the swing band boys and prize fighters, I am sure it is equal if not superior to that of the newspaper editorial writers, and from an economic standpoint, the trapeze artist could not know less than the newspaper boys did about the shortage of farm money and stock feed in 1932-33.

It seems to me the newspaper editors are the ones to do the worrying, if any, and the answer to your question is that the editors are smugly ignorant of the real conditions all around and therefore unread.

Or did you want to hear from your constituents in the Middle West? Your editorial sounded as if you were interested, sincerely, and hoped other folks were interested too.

M. M. OVERSTREET.
Sedalia, Missouri.

SIR:—Could there have been the slightest suggestion of a plaintive note in *SRL's* editorial, "Newspapers and the Election"? I hope not.

Do I sense a question, namely, why is the editorial page failing to mold public opinion? If so, this question can be answered in one sentence. The American people are becoming increasingly able to sift the facts from the smells on the editorial page of the average American newspaper.

PAUL C. BENNETT.
Harrison, Mich.

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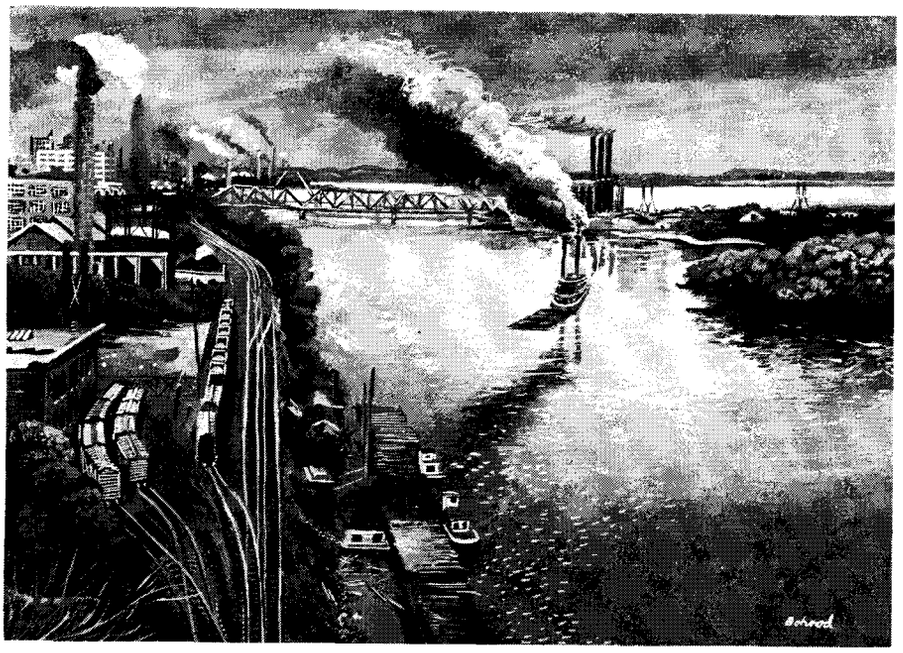

(From the illustration by Aaron Bohrod)

Anecdotal History of A River

THE ILLINOIS. By James Gray. Illustrated by Aaron Bohrod. (Rivers of America Series.) New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 355 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE Illinois is less famous than it ought to be. Winding down from a point just below Chicago to another point just above St. Louis, it has been (and still is) an important artery of commerce. For its size, it is one of the best fish rivers in America. Though the State it bisects is of low elevation and comparatively level surface, the Illinois has natural beauty. Picturesque bluffs rise along much of its lower course; at Peoria it broadens into a handsome lake; above that city Starved Rock, with its steep limestone cliffs, furnishes a view along the fertile valley and across limitless prairies that stirs the heart. The stream has a life all its own—fishermen running their trot-lines, pearlers dredging up mussel-shells by the ton, farmers of the bottom-lands flocking to a show-boat, trappers whose lineage goes straight back to the American Fur Company setting their snares, the genial, indolent riff-raff that pick up a living nobody knows how, give it an atmosphere quite unlike that of the busy, efficient country about. And the Illinois has history.

Mr. Gray's pleasant, impressionistic volume, written with genuine gusto, emphasizes the history. He does not include some matters that oldtime lovers of the Illinois may think belong in the book; for example, an account of the yearly Beardstown fish-fry and its unlimited hospitality. He does not describe the joys of angling for bass above the dam at Meredosia; he does not render the atmosphere of an old river town like Havana, where Masters's Spoon River brings down its yellow flood from the country just below John Finley's Galesburg. But he does trace the history of the stream and the 25,000 miles it drains with a skilful hand; a history sometimes noble, now and then poetic, but more often simple, homely, and appealing. The most heroic chapters in the record were contributed by Marquette and Joliet, La Salle and Tonty; the most tragic by Pontiac and the martyred Elijah Lovejoy; the most memorable by Lincoln and Douglas. These men are all here, evoked from the past with well-selected anecdote and speech, and related to the river by many a striking incident. So are George Rogers Clark, Pierre Manard the Canadian-born trader, Daniel Cook (his name perpetuated in a crowded county).

Nearly all these names are familiar. Mr. Gray includes other men who are little known—Joe Gillespie, for example, an "artist in spite of himself"; Ward Hill Lamon, Lincoln's friend and biographer; Edward Beecher, scion of a great family, who nursed the infant Illinois College into vigor. He brings out well the picturesque qualities of Judge David Davis of Bloomington. The book would have been better had more attention been paid to semi-neglected figures like these, especially when representative of large social elements, and less to men like Grant (who as a Galena man belongs to the Mississippi rather than the Illinois, anyway.) We miss the sterling Jonathan B. Turner, father of the Morrill Land-Grant Act and hence of numerous State Universities; Altgeld of the Springfield years, Adlai E. Stevenson, Dick Oglesby; W. H. Powell, the Bloomington teacher, first through the Grand Canyon; and Edmund J. James, the Jacksonville boy who became Iillinois' greatest educator. A little more material on the social composition of the Illinois valley would have been valuable. Nowhere in the country did Southern blood, coming via the Ohio and Mississippi, and Northern blood, coming via the Great Lakes, mingle more interestingly than in this area. We would also have liked more data on natural history, and on the river traffic. But Mr. Gray's primary aim has been to write an anecdotal history of the river, and in that he has succeeded.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FAVORITE GAMES OF LITERARY CHARACTERS

Do you remember the favorite sports of the literary figures mentioned below? Score 5 points if you can name the game, and another 5 if you can recall the work in which the character appears and its author. A total of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 42.

1. At what game was Philo Vance an unerring expert?
2. What game did Cleopatra play with Charmian?
3. What was Jim Smiley betting on when he was outsmarted by a stranger?
4. Playing at what game sometimes kept John Oakhurst a week without sleep?
5. Of what game was Phileas Fogg extremely fond?
6. What open-air pastime did Sherlock Holmes pursue indoors?
7. At what game was Ah Sin caught cheating?
8. What game did Sarah Battle consider "her life business, her duty, the thing that she came into the world to do"?
9. In what quarry did General Zaharoff, the big-game hunter, find renewed zest after all others had ended in boredom?
10. What game was Dangerous Dan McGrew playing at the time he was shot?

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A Message for Today*

GEORGE GORDON LORD BYRON

I

ALAS! how bitter is his country's curse
To him who *for* that country would expire,
But did not merit to expire *by* her,
And loves her, loves her even in her ire!
The day may come when she will cease to err,
The day may come she would be proud to have
The dust she dooms to scatter, and transfer
Of him, whom she denied a home, the grave.
But this shall not be granted; let my dust
Lie where it falls; nor shall the soil which gave
Me breath, but in her sudden fury thrust
Me forth to breathe elsewhere, so reassume
My indignant bones, because her angry gust
Forsooth is over, and repeal'd her doom;
No,—she denied me what was mine—my roof,
And shall not have what is not hers—my tomb.
Too long her armed wrath hath kept aloof
The breast which would have bled for her, the heart
That beat, the mind that was temptation-proof,
The man who fought, toil'd, travell'd, and each part
Of a true citizen fulfill'd, and saw
For his reward, the Guelph's ascendant art
Pass his destruction even into a law.

II

Alas! with what a weight upon my brow
The sense of earth and earthly things come back,
Corrosive passions, feelings dull and low,
The heart's quick throb upon the mental rack,
Long day, and dreary night; the retrospect
Of half a century bloody and black,
And the frail few years I may yet expect
Hoary and hopeless, but less hard to bear,
For I have been too long and deeply wreck'd
On the lone rock of desolate Despair,
To lift my eyes more to the passing sail
Which shuns that reef so horrible and bare;
Nor raise my voice—for who would heed my wail?
I am not of this people, nor this age,
And yet my harpings will unfold a tale
Which shall preserve these times when not a page
Of their perturbed annals could attract
An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,
Did not my verse embalm full many an act
Worthless as they who wrought it: 'tis the doom
Of spirits of my order to be rack'd
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone;
And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
The name of him—who now is but a name.
And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded—fame;
And mine at least hath cost me dear: to die
Is nothing; but to wither thus—to tame
My mind down from its own infinity—
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye,
A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,
Ripp'd from all kindred, from all home, all things
That make communion sweet, and soften pain—
To feel me in the solitude of kings
Without the power that makes them bear a crown—
To envy every dove his nest and wings
Which waft him where the Apennine looks down
On Arno, till he perches, it may be,
Within my all inexorable town,
Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,
Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought
Destruction for a dowry—this to see
And feel, and know without repair, hath thought
A bitter lesson; but it leaves me free:
I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,
They made an Exile—not a slave of me.

III

The Spirit of the fervent days of Old,
When words were things that came to pass, and thought
Flash'd o'er the future, bidding men behold
Their children's children's doom already brought
Forth from the abyss of time which is to be,
The chaos of events, where lie half-wrought
Shapes that must undergo mortality;
What the great Seers of Israel wore within,
That spirit was on them, and is on me;
And if, Cassandra-like, amidst the din
Of conflict none will hear, or hearing heed
This voice from out the Wilderness, the sin
Be theirs, and my own feelings be my meed,
The only guerdon I have ever known.
Hast thou not bled? and hast thou still to bleed,
Italia? Ah! to me such things foreshown
With dim sepulchral light, bid me forget
In thine irreparable wrongs my own;
We can have but one country, and even yet
Thou'rt mine—my bones shall be within thy breast,
My soul within thy language, which once set
With our old Roman sway in the wide West;
But I will make another tongue arise
As lofty and more sweet, in which express'd
The hero's ardor, or the lover's sighs,
Shall find alike such sounds for every theme,
That every word, as brilliant as thy skies,
Shall realize a poet's proudest dream.
And make thee Europe's nightingale of song;
So that all present speech to thine shall seem
The note of meaner birds, and every tongue
Confess its barbarism when compared with thine.
This shalt thou owe to him thou didst so wrong,
Thy Tuscan bard, the banish'd Ghibelline.
Woe! woe! the veil of coming centuries
Is rent,—a thousand years which yet supine
Lie like the ocean waves ere winds arise,
Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,
Float from eternity into these eyes;
The storms yet sleep, the clouds still keep their station,
The unborn earthquake yet is in the womb,
The bloody chaos yet expects creation,
But all things are disposing for thy doom;
The elements await but for the word,
"Let there be darkness!" and thou grow'st a tomb!

This poem originally appeared in 1821 as part of Lord Byron's "The Prophecy of Dante."

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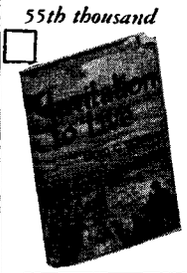

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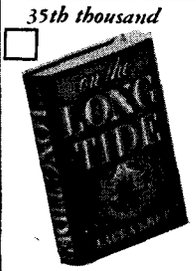

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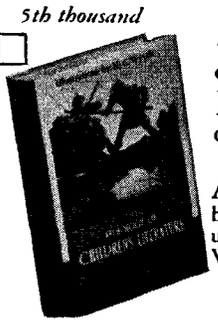

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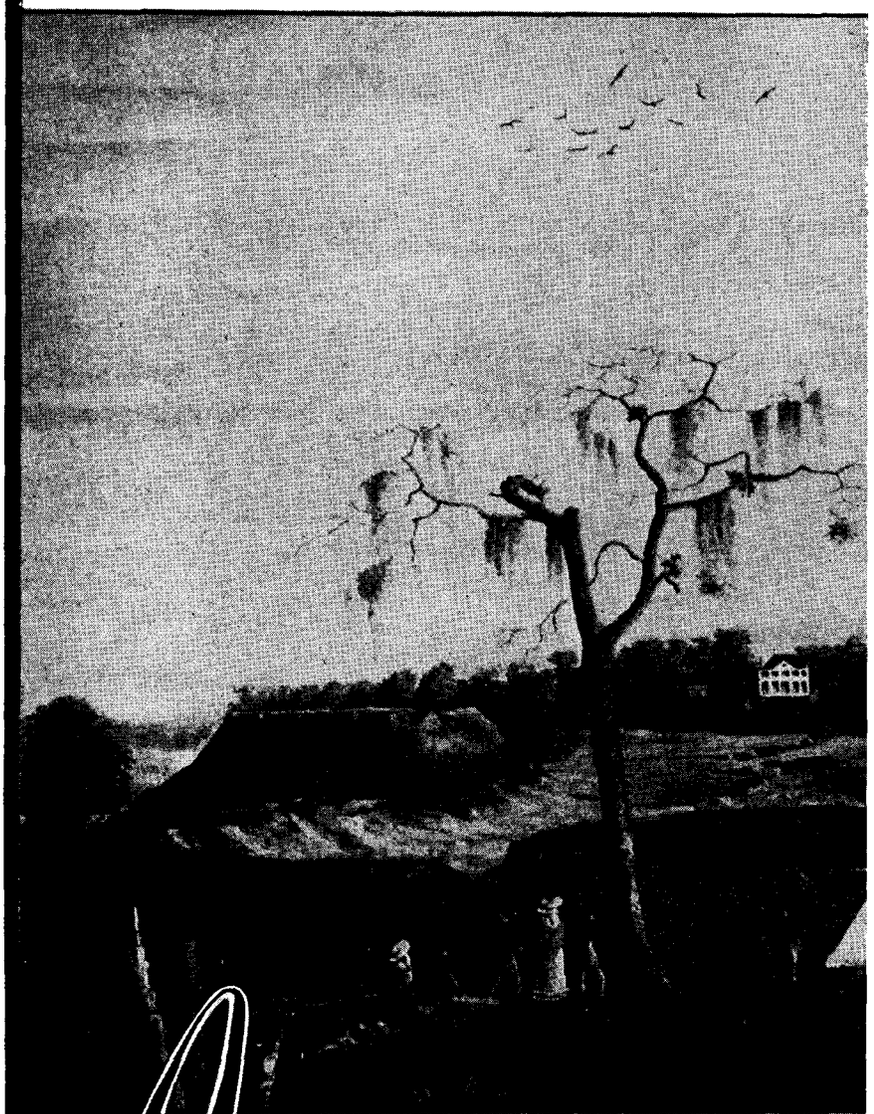

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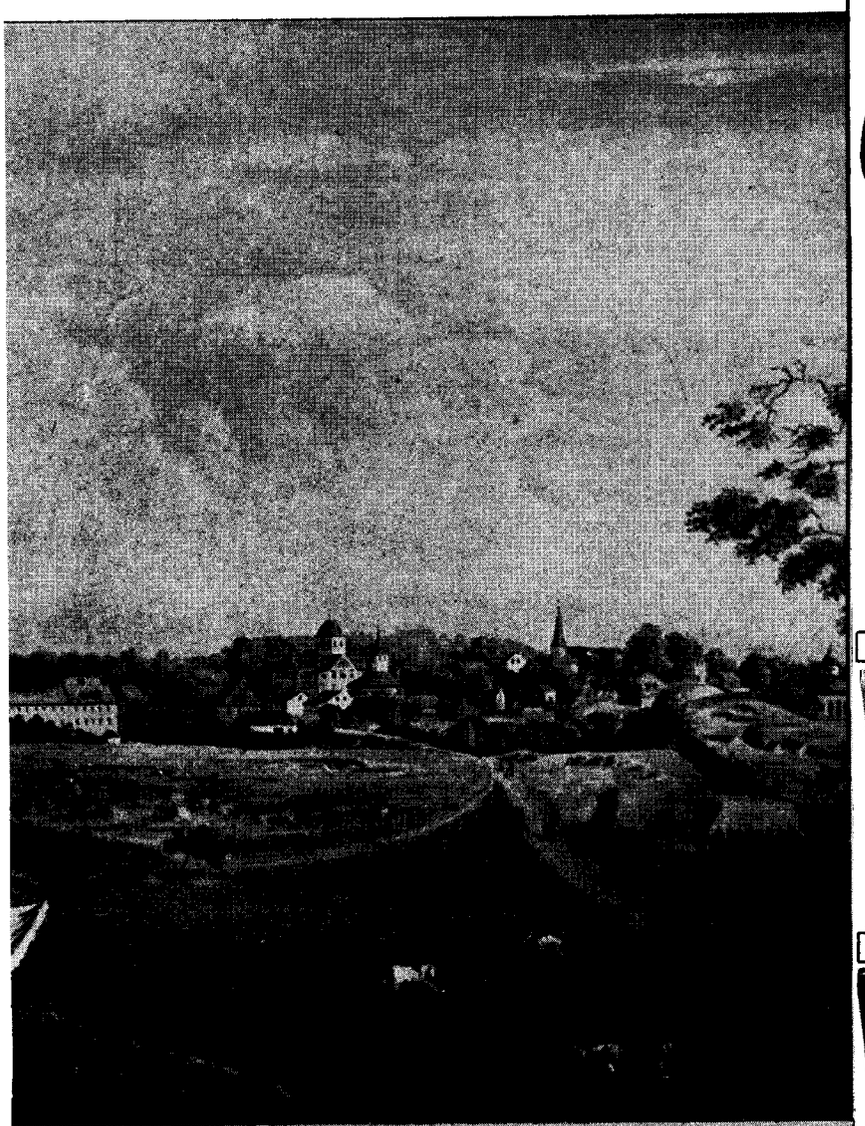

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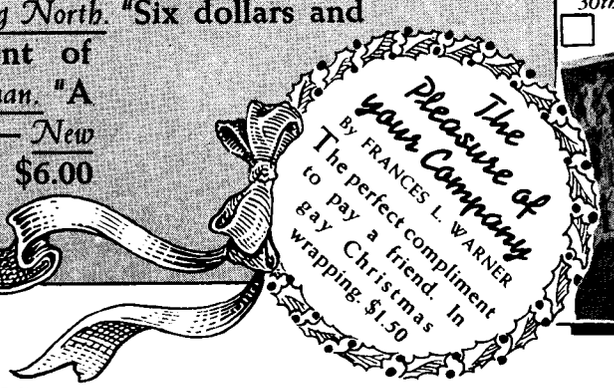

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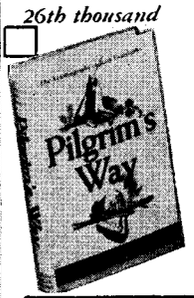

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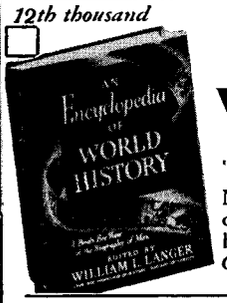

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Artistic Wilderness

TRAIL OF AN ARTIST-NATURALIST. By Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 412 pp., with index. $3.75.

Reviewed by ALAN DEVOE

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, twelfth of the fourteen children of a shipowner, was born in South Shields, England, but he was only six years old when in 1866 the whole considerable family came to Canada to take up a life of backwoods farming. It was a pioneering life . . . a life of sheep-shearing and cattle-driving, woodcutting and log-cabin-chinking, learning to deal with snow and cold and stock-diseases and the encroachment of the wilderness. To young Ernest Seton, as he grew into older boyhood, it was a life of enchanted happiness. He loved the making of things with his hands, the fashioning of bull-toggles out of hickory and silver-brooms out of blue beech; he loved the company of trees and sky and earth and changing elements; particularly he loved the wild birds and animals which were everywhere around him in the unspoiled forest. There was something in the wilderness to which Ernest Thompson Seton's boyish heart deeply responded, and was soon inalienably dedicated. He was able to decide while still a lad that he wanted to grow up to be a naturalist. He was able to be sure that he wanted to give his life to a career of studying the outdoors and its creatures and its spirit, and to arousing public enthusiasm for these things.

Save for the art-study periods and one or two other brief interludes, young Ernest Thompson Seton's life was almost wholly spent in the wilder places of the American outdoors. He travelled the Great Plains, hunting and camping and growing Indian-wise; trapped wolves in New Mexico; voyaged deep in the wilderness of Manitoba. Always he was sketching the things he saw, studying minutely at first-hand the behavior of wolf or deer or beaver, shooting and skinning and dissecting in order to learn those nature facts which he had no textbooks to tell him. His life was that of an absorbed field-naturalist and frontiersman, fascinated by the dramatic elements in animal life, interested less in pallid scientific book-learning than in what he could observe with his own eyes in his own beloved wilderness.

Seton's "Wild Animals I Have Known" appeared in 1898. It was an instantaneous success, and was followed by other nature-books as fast as he could write and illustrate them. The Canadian backwoodsman became before long famous as the most popular naturalist in America, a constant lecturer at large fees, a founder of the Woodcraft movement, a high-priced animal illustrator for *Century,* and an idol to all boys who were early interested in nature lore (including this reviewer). With the passing of the years Ernest Thompson Seton achieved in full measure success in the role that as a boy he had dreamed of playing: the role of "Prophet of Outdoors."

Such is the life-story told in the fat and handsome autobiography called "Trail of an Artist-Naturalist." It is an uncommonly interesting story, the more so because Seton speaks only briefly of the last thirty or forty years of his long life and instead devotes most of his account to a minutely detailed and vividly told chronicle of his earlier years as backwoods farm boy, wilderness hunter, and roving camper-naturalist. It is hard to imagine that anyone who loves the outdoors will fail to find it fascinating reading, or indeed that any reader at all will fail to find a good deal of entertainment in its recital of picturesque adventures. The book has its share, of course, of that kind of imaginatively presented animal lore which in 1904 infuriated the sober-minded Burroughs into publicly (and I think unwarrantably) attacking Seton as a sham naturalist, and it has, too, occasional outcroppings of a curious sort of naive vanity and egotism. But the "nature-faker" issue has been dead these many years now, and Seton's occasional romantics need not trouble anyone too much; and a little complacent self-congratulation is perhaps permissible to an old man who has fought many battles and fought them stoutly. As the record of a colorful, incident-crowded life, and particularly as the record of an American wild scene that is now gone forever with the passenger pigeon and the thundering wild bison, "Trail of an Artist-Naturalist is excellent reading.

The story of a boy who went to war...

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The War Experiences of the Youngest Member of Jackson's Staff,

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Dean of the News Camera

JIMMY HARE: NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER. Half a Century with a Camera. By Cecil Carnes. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1940. 304 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

LITTLE credit has been given the men who have made this the Picture Age—the men who daily hazard their lives, perform almost herculean feats, go through hell and high water to bring back a page one picture.

Many newspaper masterpieces have been written by reporters with vivid imaginations and no restraining personal contact with the facts of a case. But a photographer must have been *there*—must have viewed the *corpus delicti,* so to speak, and been ready to click his shutter, because rarely does the opportunity to shoot a picture recur. Consequently, there is no more exciting pastime than News Picture Chasing: it requires more patience, resourcefulness, nerve, and daring and provides more thrills than any adventure yet devised, because the immutable law which governs it says explicitly, Get your shot!

Proof of this is amply supplied by Cecil Carnes in this book, "Hare, News Photographer," an amusingly entertaining and thrilling chronicle of the exciting career of that courageous little man with the goatee who has been appropriately designated "The World's Greatest News Photographer."

You might say that Jimmy Hare was born (in London, eighty-four years ago) with a camera in his hand, his eye glued to a finder, and the sounds of clicking shutters in his ears. His father was a manufacturer of cameras —those huge, unwieldly boxes which used glass plates and were supposed to contain "birdies"—and under him Jimmy served a hard apprenticeship, learning the manufacture and use of photographic equipment. Hare *père* was a conservative who stubbornly adhered to oldtime picture-taking methods and when Jimmy insisted on experimenting with newfangled ideas they parted company. That was in 1889, when Jimmy came to New York, and soon thereafter embarked upon his news picture chasing career—in the days before the half-tone, when an artist made a line drawing from a Hare photo.

Then, in 1898, "the *Maine* blew up and Jimmy blew in," Robert J. Collier, editor of *Collier's Weekly* and longtime employer of this dean of news photographers, recorded. "Both were major explosions."

Collier's sent Jimmy to Cuba and launched him upon the career which has carried him more than a million miles in pursuit of news pictures and involved him in five major wars and numerous revolutions and expeditions.

Certainly Jimmy Hare has lived a charmed life, because he invariably emerged unscathed from the most precarious situations. The whine of bullets and the explosion of shells never deterred him from seeking a point of vantage from which to record history in the making, any more than the thorough cursings of presidents and dictators, generals and admirals did. As a consequence, American periodicals have reproduced his superb photographs of the American army and navy and of the Cuban revolutionary forces in action during the Spanish-American War; of the Russo-Japanese conflict; of the First Balkan War; of Mexican wars and revolutions; of the World War; and of Poland's fight for freedom against the Bolsheviks. He has covered natural disasters and historic firsts (such as the Wright Brothers' flight), inaugurations and executions, fraternizing with the eminent and unknown and never losing perspective.

He was a respected and beloved *confrère* of every great reporter who helped make history during the era of swashbuckling journalism—Richard Harding Davis and Stephen Crane; Jimmy Archibald and Bill Shepheard; Floyd Gibbons and Sylvester Scovel, and all the rest. And in the end he added writing to his photography and became a reportographer.

Dick Davis used to say, "No war is official until Jimmy Hare is there to cover it."

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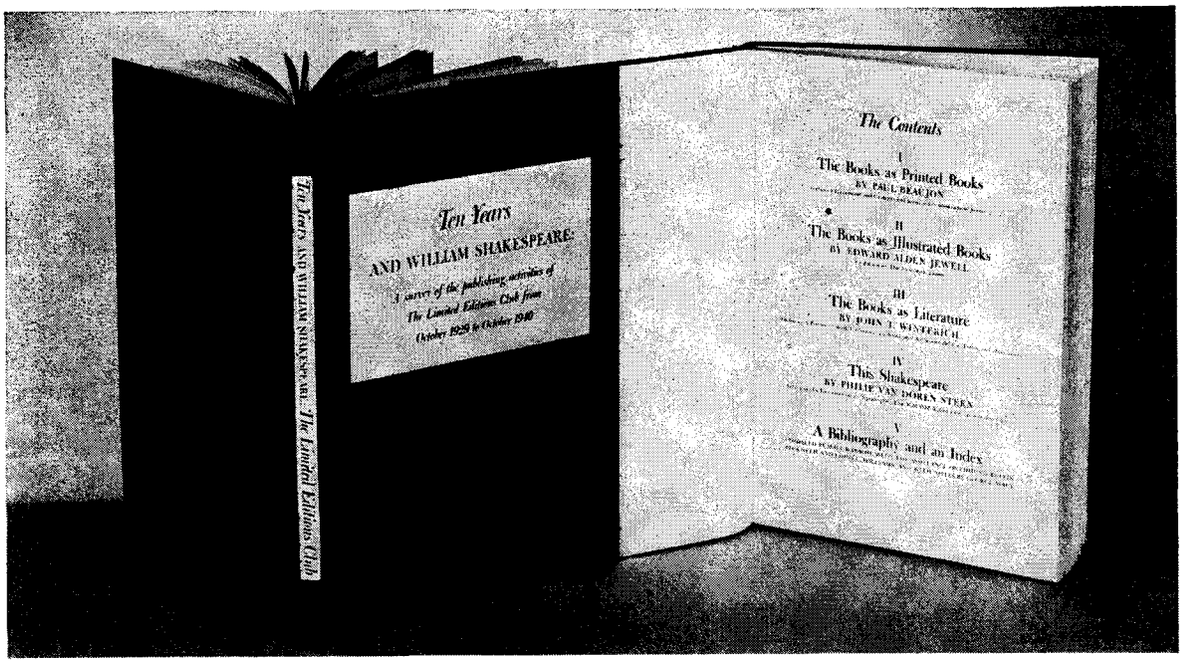

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Distilled Despair

A WINTER TIDE. By Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 72 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

IN times of violence, many loud and angry voices are heard. Mr. Nathan's is not one of these. In his new collection of sonnets and poems he speaks bitterly and with conviction, but it is a grave, and not an impassioned, denunciation of the terror and brutality of the world. And although he recognizes that "now is the bitter season of the year" when "men in darkness move and are afraid" these are not pessimistic, not defeatist poems. There is a difference between a hopeless acceptance of tragedy and one which says "this too will pass away."

In the admirable sonnet sequence which gives the book its title, Mr. Nathan writes:

> Did I but see in man's immense despair
> Some hint of peace, some promise of repose,
> Then would I gladly with his spirit's foes
> Admit a truce and call a parley there . . .

Then he strikes the keynote to his philosophy, for he *does* call a parley, proceeding from this point to a statement of faith which, though fairly well-forn in metaphor, is still triumphant in its belief:

> Look how the tree with piety keeps fast
> The bud and blossom hidden in the bole.
> So bear the winter with its frosty blast
> And seek beneath the season of our grief
> The spring unending, and the waiting leaf.

As I said, there is little violence in Mr. Nathan's work. There is a gentleness, a nostalgic quality in many of these poems. As the jacket of the book states, he is no dweller in an ivory tower, but neither is he covered with the dust and sweat of actual battle. His metaphors are nature imagery, drawn from nature in its happier state—springtime lovely on every hill, the rose, the "meadowy air," the robin's and the flicker's wing. And for all that he would not be deaf to the tumult of his times, he can still say wistfully:

> Let me believe, in sleep's old, gentle hand,
> That all is as it was when I was young,
> That Heaven's still above, God in command.

If it is legitimate to criticize the pitch of a man's work, I have a feeling that when read as a whole the book suffers a bit from too much restraint. There is intensity of emotion, yes, but it is tempered and controlled. Mr. Nathan is a craftsman, and as a craftsman has curbed the headlong rush of his feeling to a considered expression. Its impact on the reader is thereby weakened, at times. At its highest level, however, this restraint has both strength and dignity, as in the poem "To the Germans."

Robert Nathan: Craftsman

> Put not the Jews in ghettos. For the hills
> Breed in the stones a never-failing flower.
>
> * * * * *
>
> So in his prison man will bear his fruits.
> By stones oppressed they will be sweet and dry.
> Who has no earth will take his heart for roots
> And draw his living downward from the sky.

In summing up, I am left with the impression that although Mr. Nathan has the earth for his roots, he still is drawing his living downward from the sky.

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> Where day by day . . . . . .
> Gold in the darkness never gleams.
> . . . . . .
> Mourn not for the wreckage, but as the morn fades
> In the quick dawn, break from the ruins.
> For life goes on.

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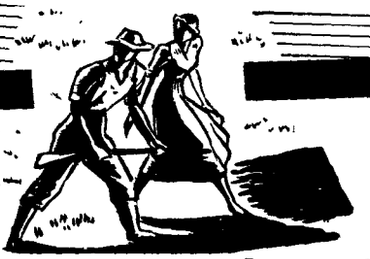

Man and wife

—hoping that a war will pass them by

WHEN the neighbors' houses were burned, the war stopped being something that the valley people talked about. It was happening in Martin and Lindsey's own back yard. So they "hid out"—while for four long years armies in blue and armies in gray used their homes for firewood and their crops for rations. In that time, the war that they wanted no part of did things to Martin and Lindsey and their friends that none of them liked to remember afterward. But even as these things happened, even as Martin and the others went over the hills to raid as they had been raided, they held to the decent things that everyone else forgot.

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Scholar Sans Books

RUFUS ISAACS, FIRST MARQUESS OF READING. By his son, the Marquess of Reading, K.C. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 324 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by JAMES REID PARKER

SOME lawyers are temporarily unsuited for performance in court, just as others find the elaborate scholarship of the law uncongenial. Whether the book lawyer is superior to the trial lawyer, or the other way around, constitutes a point that members of the fraternity have discussed with relish since the inception of our legal system, and a point they no doubt will go on discussing so long as that system lasts. Laymen, pardonably irritated by most intra-professional disputes, may view this one with special interest, for with the law ever playing a greater part in our lives, today Americans are begining to turn, relentlessly wormlike, and investigate its mysteries for themselves. The present Marquess of Reading, in his careful biography of his distinguished father, Rufus Isaacs, inadvertently shows us how a great trial lawyer, who was never a bookman, was able to become the peer of scholars of law, and even their titular superior—Lord Chief Justice of England.

> He was never a great "case" lawyer [the second marquess writes] for his temperament did not lead him to seek recreation among the Law Reports. The academic aspect of the law had little attraction for him, and he regarded with more pity than envy those of his colleagues who were able at will to put their hands on the exact volume of the Reports which contained a particular case. For his own part he was content to follow the day-to-day accounts of cases published in *The Times*, but had a knowledge of legal principles which appeared to be intuitive; and, when any point arose in concrete form in a particular case, he would read with diligence not only the law on the actual point, but on any collateral points which might conceivably become material.

A thumbnail portrait that characterizes not only Rufus Isaacs, the Jewish fruit broker's son, whom democracy permitted to become the British Ambassador to Washington, Viceroy of India, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but a type of mind which often occurs in mankind without, perhaps, being too well understood. This son's biography of his father is indeed a key to a better comprehension of that exceptionally interesting figure, a Fortinbras, who is much more than a man of action. A man of action whom civilization has influenced happily.

If any specific paragraph doesn't quite convey all this, the book as a whole does. Not only the crusty legal scholar, but the more general reading public, will enjoy the portrait, and will grow more tolerant of a type which, perhaps unfortunately, is not yet epidemic in the world.

As a Liberal Member of Parliament ("Rufus for Reading" in flaming red on the election posters) Rufus Isaacs moved, questioned, and voted with intelligence, but singularly enough he had demonstrated greater brilliance in his days at the Bar, when he and Edward Carson, who now is remembered chiefly for the Wilde trial, rose to magnificence in debate, and he demonstrated it anew when he assumed his later offices, including the Viceroyalty. He was deliberate, not dynamic, as a parliamentarian. But Lloyd George was his contemporary in the Liberal Party, and very likely Rufus felt one Roman candle sufficed.

This volume terminates with the beginning of the first World War, and one hopes that a second part, covering the post-parliament years, will appear before long. The present work moves slowly only when the second marquess, occasionally spurred by filial rather than by literary considerations, is over-extensive in his justification of Rufus Isaacs's behavior in law suits once hotly discussed by Englishmen, but now of minor interest. The biography survives its excesses of loyalty, however, and remains an excellent if leisurely work.

(James Reid Parker, the author of "Academic Procession," is currently writing a series of stories about the law for The New Yorker.*)*

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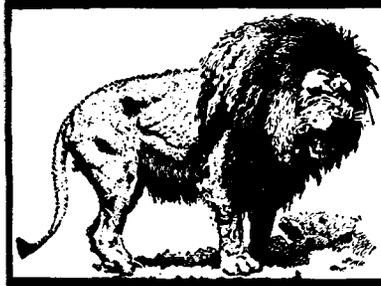
by W. R. LEIGH — Simon and Schuster — $3.00



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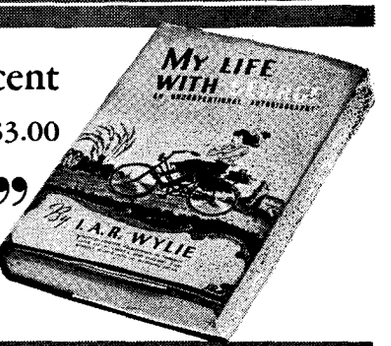

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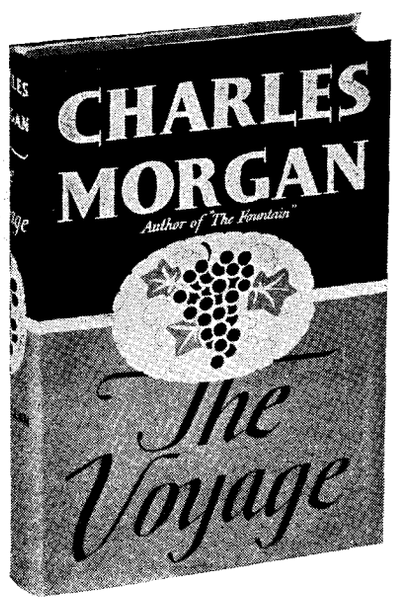

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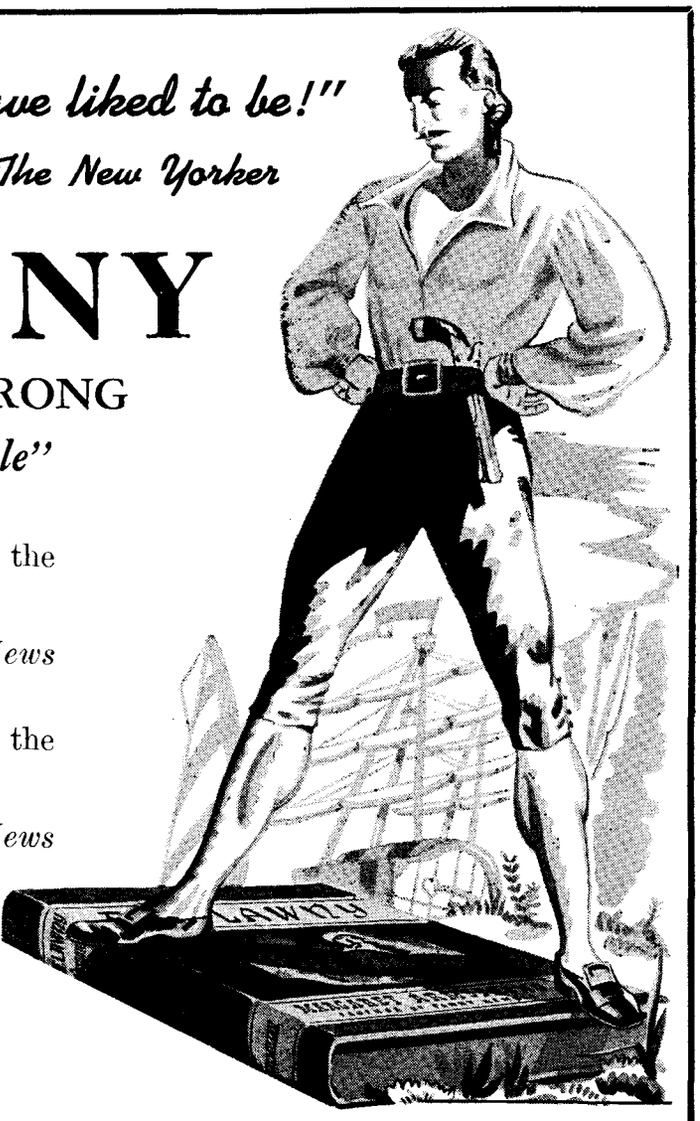

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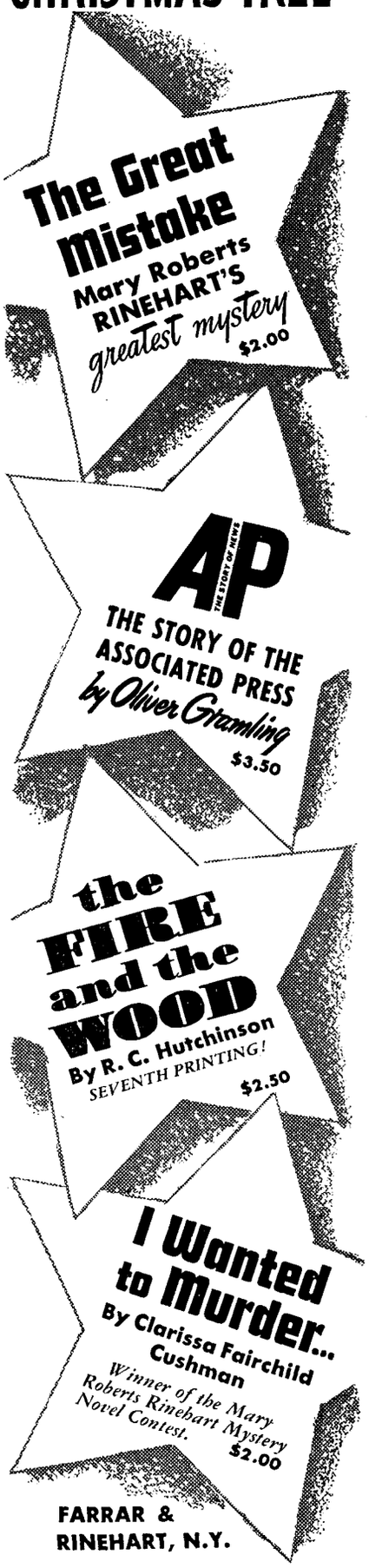

PRINCE CHARMING OF THE METROPOLITAN

(*Continued from page 6*)

spacious, dignified house in Surrey.

Space forbids my going into Roger Fry's esthetic. But a word may be helpful. His whole discussion concerns the relation of form and content—which is anterior, which more important? Now until quite recently it has been tacitly assumed that an artistic form was what it was largely because it expressed a content. Now Roger Fry was never wholly clear on the matter. His position shifted. Sometimes he admitted that a content was "directive" of form but when the form was achieved the content became of no importance—withered away as the Communist State is said to do in an achieved classless society. Again he treated content more harshly—as a mere subterfuge in the generation of a form. Yet again, he occasionally entertained hopes of a form with no content whatever outside itself. These deep matters are palpably unfit for an essay review. I merely insist that Roger Fry's intellectual dependent, Clive Bell, really provided better pap for the very young, when completely waiving dialectic and definition, he merely insisted on the duty of creating "Significant Form."

In the Omega Shops Roger Fry renewed on a less manorial scale the endeavor of William Morris for the revival of fine craftsmanship. Many meritorious stuffs and pots were made, and fashionable London seemed about to go Omega, when the World War liquified Omega as it did many other worthy enterprises.

The war itself seems to have made singularly little impression on him. Perhaps his Quaker origins provided a protective detachment. His critical prestige steadily grew. One waited at Bernard Street among devotees from many lands seeking an interview with the Master. He solaced his grass-widowhood with transient love affairs, which were neither advertised nor concealed. Finally, the absurd English law forbidding divorce from a wife more than dead, in relatively old age, he commenced a new and lasting happiness with a young companion, Helen Anrep. This legally irregular relation put the coveted Slade Professorships further than ever away. As a critic, he rested on his oars. He still painted but without the recognition he felt he deserved. I remember he was almost pathetically pleased when I liked one of his Spanish lithographs well enough to buy it from him. With the death of his first wife and the regularizing of his relation to her successor, the long-coveted Slade Professorships at Oxford and at Cambridge came to him easily if tardily. He used them to maintain up and down the ages his thesis that form is pretty much everything, content next to nothing. This material compiled and edited as "Last Lectures" by his young friend and disciple, Sir Kenneth Clark, offers many fine and subtle observations on particular works of art, but, I feel, does rather little to substantiate the major position. In 1927 he published his finest work, a short but very searching study of the art of Cézanne. In 1934, being sixty-eight years old and still young in spirit, an accident hastened his end.

The delightful and versatile human being that was Roger Fry emerges generally by hint and indirection from Mrs. Woolf's sympathetic pages. Any complete picture of Roger Fry must resolve certain paradoxes—his urbanity, his dogmatism; his flexibility, his tenacity; his restless energy, his recurrent nonchalance; his waywardness in a singularly concentrated endeavor; his habitual kindness, his occasional brutality. A singularly fascinating person, it seems likely that he never quite consented to maturity and integration. Possibly his estimate of himself written in a letter to Helen Anrep best sums him up. He writes:

> [I am] surely not wild—infinitely sane, cautious, reasonable — what makes me look wild is that I don't happen to accept any of the world's *idées recues* and values, but have my own and stick to them . . . But I should have said impulsive, *i.e.*, moved rather jerkily, and suddenly by what appeals to me, and I think it implies something wasteful and incoherent in me which I also lament and would like you to forgive —oh! and cure, perhaps.

By the sixties most recalcitrants have learned that not all the *idées recues* of the world are negligible. In old age apparently Roger Fry had not made that obvious discovery.

Frank J. Mather, Jr., is a prominent art critic who is on the staff of Princeton University.

Cover Design

The Saturday Review is again indebted to S. McKnight Kauffer for the cover design. Mr. Kauffer's last special cover was for the Fall Books Issue. Mr. Kauffer was recently described by Aldous Huxley, in the catalogue of the Museum of Modern Art, as "among the best of the interesting and significant contemporary artists" working in the poster design and advertising field.

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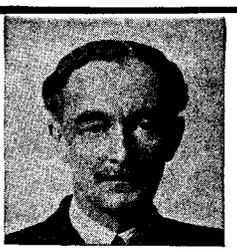

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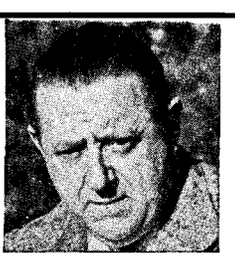

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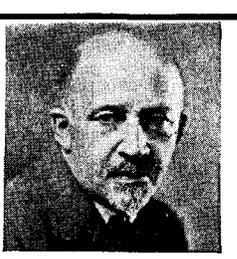

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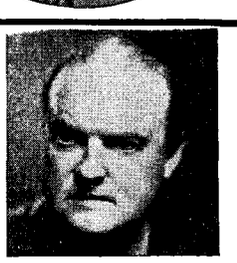

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The American as Critic

JACQUES BARZUN

NOT long ago in these pages, Frederick Lewis Allen spoke with legitimate pride of "our widening American culture" and pointed out how frequently it brings the layman into the position of the critic. Whether we stare at a shop window or recognize the fitness of the George Washington Bridge, we are critics. We like or do not like, we would change this detail or leave the whole thing as it stands in its perfection. At other times, perhaps when listening to music on the radio, we feel impelled to worship or to smash the tube-infested box. Clearly, if throwing figs at a performance of Sophocles in fifth-century Athens made the Greeks a wonderful people of critics, we are as much more entitled to the name as we have more occasions to "react" in these impulsive ways.

Yet in our modesty we seldom think of ourselves as "real critics." There is something egotistical about crItIcIsm with its three I's (it should have a hundred, like Argus) which we instinctively dislike. Criticism means defining, splitting hairs, arguing. "Do you mean by art something which intrinsically—or do you mean rather——?" It is academic stuff. Moreover the critical are always finding fault or making you feel like a fool for admiring what turns out to be an atrocity or a hoax. Down with critics! All the ages have sworn at, not by, them.

And yet one can go lower still. Behind the practising critic, often a mere reporter of events inside or outside himself, stands the man who would codify all our experiences of art and give us rules to judge by—I mean the philosopher of art. There have not been many, at least not many good ones, since Aristotle ventured on a small job of the kind in the "Poetics." Usually they have been professional philosophers who, late in life, struck their forehead and said "Good heavens! Art!—I had forgotten all about it!" and so proceeded to add the missing volume to their complete works. A few, like Dryden and Coleridge, have been artists bent on justifying the use of a new form or style. But those who like Aristotle started from the concrete experience of art have been fewer still.

In our day, obviously, only this last method has any chance of winning the attention of people who are cool to criticism to start with. And only a complete survey of all the arts can command the respect of our statistical generation. In proportion as this is true, the success of the enterprise grows more problematical. Each of the arts involves technical matters deserving a lifetime of study and there are at least seven arts; so the nine lives of a cat scarcely suffice to encompass them all and philosophize to some purpose afterwards. A remarkable attempt was nevertheless made some years ago by an English scholar, Mr. Louis Arnaud Reid, and though little noted, his work* will, I am sure, be gone back to by students for its persuasively practical conclusions.

More recently an American writer has essayed an even more ambitious task, and with the help of friends has illustrated his findings with such abundant and well-sifted examples as must compel not only admiration but the closest attention.** Do not let the five hundred pages of Mr. Greene's book frighten you, nor the 150 pages of reproductions at the end seduce you. The text's the thing. It is closely reasoned but perfectly lucid. It abounds in definitions, but if it splits anything it is prejudices rather than hairs. Apart from a few hard words like "conative," it is within the grasp of the general reader, and its appeal to the partakers of art is quite simple: it is that the practice of the art of criticism might make them feel surer and happier; they might enjoy more, and more varied, art and perhaps affect the production of it in a less hesitant and chaotic fashion. Like Mr. Reid's work, that of Mr. Greene and his Princeton colleagues aims at practical results; and though I do not agree with everything the work asserts, I feel it has achieved its purpose and contributed importantly to the widening of our culture.

What then does Mr. Greene say? He says first of all that the business of the layman or critic confronted with a work of art is that of an "agent"—a sympathetic participant in an experience, not that of a detached or pseudo-scientific observer. The urge to smash the radio, so to speak, is an excellent critical urge, however unwise its aim or expression. For it is only in his own interest that the critic should moderate his rage. It is to compare his experiences, gain perspective and consistency, and perhaps communicate them. This is where the

**A Study in Aesthetics, Macmillan, 1931.*

***The Arts and the Art of Criticism. By Theodore Meyer Greene. Princeton University Press, 1940. 690 pp. $5.*

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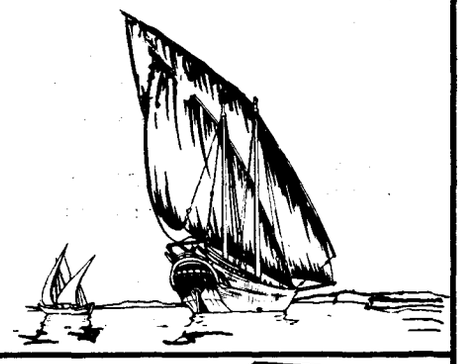

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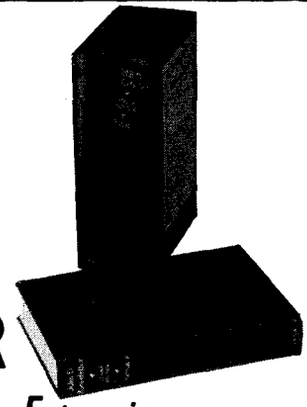

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philosopher, in the person of Mr. Greene, can help him; for by taking a general view of artistic experience he discovers the meaning and direction of the separate arts and can furnish us with clues applicable in our individual experience of single works.

This general view begins by an analysis of the matter of the major arts —the raw sensations of sound, color, line, shape, or movement of which they are made. Our author shows that these may occur accidentally or purposely in several forms, the final one of which alone can be said to constitute art. Natural objects may be esthetic, but they are not artistic. A bird singing, a smoothly planed surface of wood, may be beautiful, but they are not works of art; for art is expression.

To me the most important consequence of Mr. Greene's set of distinctions is that it prevents the all-too-common reduction of works of art to mere shimmering surfaces. There is and has always been a school of art appreciators who insist that art means nothing. It is merely a means of enjoying sensory arrangements. They will speak to you of the way the patches of color strike them in a Boticelli painting and will be horrified at any mention of its subject. They will dread any hint that feelings may be aroused by works of art. Emotion is to them a gross intrusion from an alien world, and the only difference between Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony* and the emotionless texture of a silk dressing gown is that the former is a more refined and more complex sensation. Since some artists do not fall in with this amputation of art at top and bottom, they are, by these critics, stricken off the list: Michelangelo, Bunyan, Berlioz, and the Gothics generally are simply "no artists."

At the other extreme, and equally transcended by Mr. Greene's treatment, are the intellectualists—the pure and the absolute. They are often remarkable technicians with stunted sympathies. Art to them is the solution of problems: given four notes, make a fugue. Dullness has charms, provided the difficulties have been overcome. Here again emotion is an intruder, meaning is absent, and it is formalism that reigns supreme. Architecture and music, painting and sculpture are to be measured solely by rule and line. Literature alone has contracted an undisputed union with daily reality and it is a mis-alliance.

Combating these two curses of art criticism by the simple and steady analysis of what artists actually do, and sensitive beholders actually feel, Mr. Greene is led to suggest five levels of artistic merit by which works of art can be tested and ranked. They are, in ascending order: formal beauty, artistic perfection, artistic integrity, artistic truth, and artistic greatness. Each of these has its sub-criteria set forth and discussed by Mr. Greene with the utmost thoroughness and an engaging absence of dogmatism. At the same time it is clear that in building such a scale he makes a leap into the realm of absolutes where a pragmatist cannot follow him. I happen to think that artistic truth is a workable criterion, but it is no "objective" absolute. A work of art is true in the sense that I find it saying something valid about reality or else saying nothing. So that whereas Mr. Greene is bound to make the opposite of truth —in this sense—Falsehood, I would make it: Nonsense. For as Mr. Greene recognizes, two opposite truths in art are not contradictory. Religious and irreligious painting can be equally true. The same lyric poet may sing both the praises and the condemnation of love. As Hardy said of his work, "jottings" on the universe are as valuable as consistent systems of propositions. Hence, by extension, the impossibility of setting up decisive standards by which "Paradise Lost" is great and "The Ring and the Book" is not. The purpose of art criticism is not to sentence but to compare, and the need for philosophical analysis is that by agreeing on certain descriptive terms we can set forth our standards with clarity and proceed to judge with fair consistency. The value of each artistic experience is, in short, not fixed and abstract. It is concrete and in a sense transient, though reproducible.

Mr. Greene's book is therefore of immense value insofar as it painstakingly analyzes the matter, the form, the terminology, and the meaning of the six major arts. No one can read it and not rise from it enlightened, refreshed, and grateful. But I would enter a caveat against the possible implications of the last hundred pages. The author makes it clear that his suggested criteria are tentative, but he wants them objective. Why should we always think that relativism is chaotic? On the contrary, a thing related is a thing fastened. What need, especially in art, of attaching our feelings all to the same hitching post? By the law of averages we shall concur, in larger or smaller groups, about a fairly limited number of art objects. So long as we know what we think and feel and can communicate our knowledge, we are true critics, with none of the critic's long-complained-of arrogance, and with the possibility of mutual conversion.

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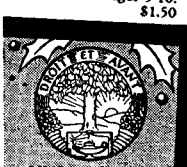

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(*Continued from page* 11)

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Americans in France

JOURNEY THROUGH TIME. By Larry Barretto. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 312 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS novel is not nearly so Priestleyan as its title would indicate; far from being four-dimensional, it is sometimes flatly two-dimensional, but an experienced and shrewd romancer can often make a ride through the shallows as entertaining as a ride through the deep. Barretto uses his favorite ingredients in composing "Journey through Time": Americans in France, echoes of the war, national differences, aftermath of the 1929 crash, etc. The materials may be familiar, but they are not shopworn, and the novel is for the most part lively and diverting.

"Journey through Time" tells the story of Bruce and Jane Randolph, who had gambled and lost (in 1929) and who were not too successful in adjusting themselves to the impecunious new world and in bringing up their only son as a gentleman. Their snobbishness and unquestioning faith in a "privileged class" they see not as vestigial remnants of a defunct order but as brave attempts to retain dignity and self respect.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph seize an opportunity to make an inexpensive journey to France in the late summer of 1939, partly for the sake of their convalescent son, and during their two months abroad their pasts arise to confuse them further. Bruce's former mistress, now revolting in her lacquered glamor, crosses their path again—and seduces their son; a dashing French officer with whom Jane had been infatuated in 1918 reappears as a sou-pinching bourgeois and lays the ghost of an old romance. The triviality of the parents is emphasized by the idealism of the son, whose near-platitudes about liberty, Hitler, justice, etc., astound them. As the Randolphs sail from Bordeaux on a freighter—fortunate to secure any sort of passage—they see the fading lights of the city as a symbol of a greater darkness.

The exact theme of the novel is not clear, and the writing is without much distinction—in fact it has often a naïveté one does not expect in a book by this competent novelist. But it is readable, the background of Europe on the eve of catastrophe is exciting in itself, and Baretto's accurate knowledge of France and its people—of everyday French life as well as the lurid exhibitionism of the Riviera—gives authority to his picture. Subtly suggested is the ingrained pacifism of the average Frenchman, which before 1940 most of the world had underestimated.

Progressive Teacher

BRONSON ALCOTT, TEACHER. By Dorothy McCuskey. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 217 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

DULL, vaguely written, and fundamentally uncritical, Miss McCuskey's book on Bronson Alcott adds almost nothing to Odell Shepard's "Pedlar's Progress" and very little to our knowledge of the history of education in the United States. Miss McCuskey makes a half-hearted attempt to link Alcott to the "Progressive Movement" in education, of which she appears to be an adherent, but one reads that "such a claim would be justified only if Socrates, Plato, Jesus, Pestalozzi, and all great teachers were called the forerunners of progressivism." Careful historians will continue to content themselves with less cosmic assertions.

Professor Paul Shorey once declared that books in education were not written in English but in Pedaguese. Miss McCuskey avoids Pedaguese, but her style is of that sort which is alleged to conceal thought. Here are some sample sentences: "The book bears inescapable marks of his influences from 'Pilgrim's Progress' on the reading list to the concluding account of the graceful, lively exhibition that was substituted for the customary final examination."

It is useless in the face of writing like this to protest that the catechism is not a subject or that a fine art is not divorced from thought. It is likewise useless to remark that Alcott's theory of education, whatever its merits, was fundamentally anarchic, that it was applicable only to children of a certain class in his own day, or that, given the complex civilization of our time, a "child-centered" school which is never anything more than "child-centered" is about as dangerous a toy for sentimentalists to play with as one could imagine.

The work was awarded the annual prize offered by Kappa Delta Pi for "the best study on a significant phase of the history of American education."

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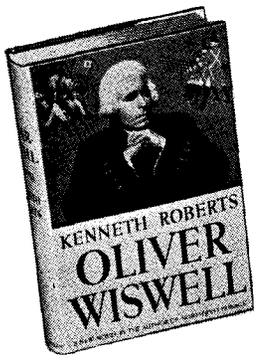

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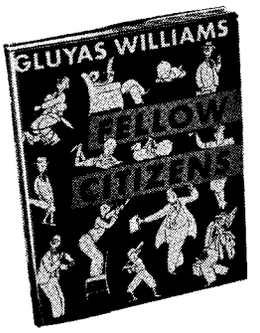

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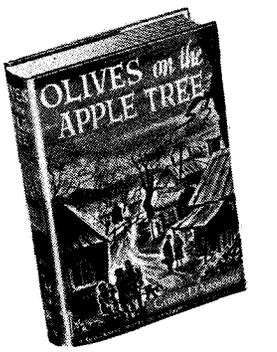

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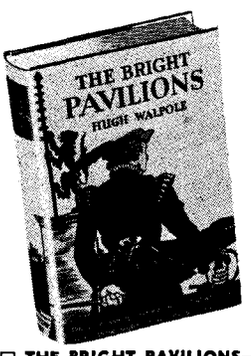

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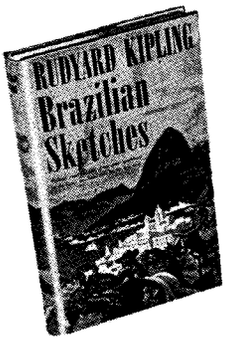

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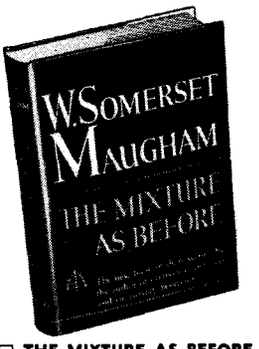

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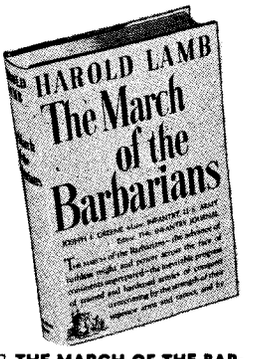

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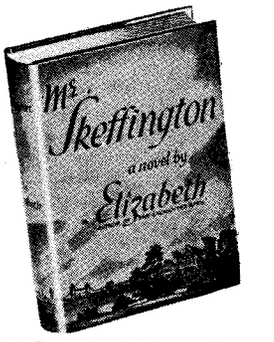

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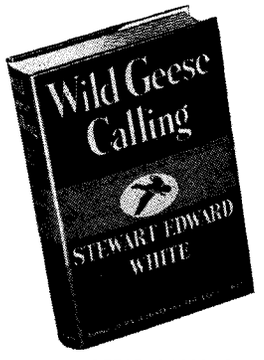

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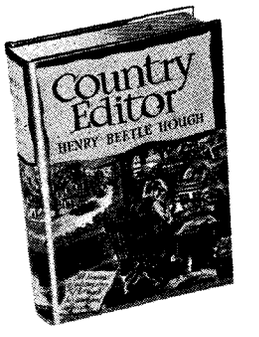

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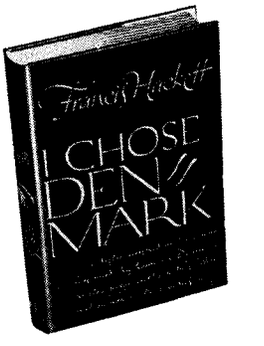

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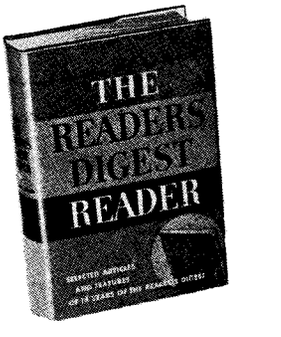

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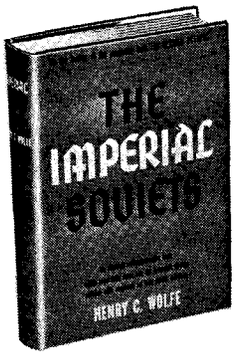

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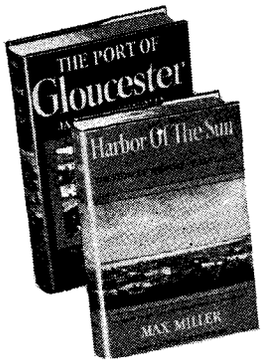

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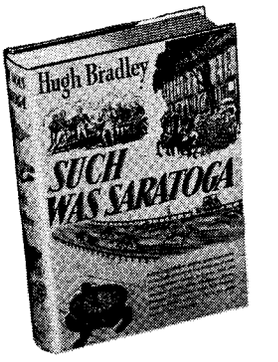

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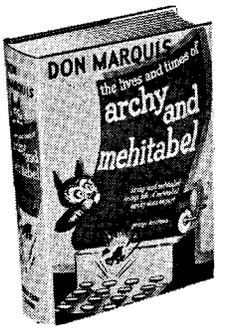

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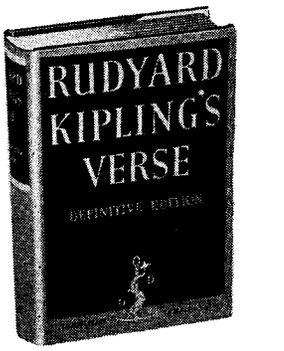

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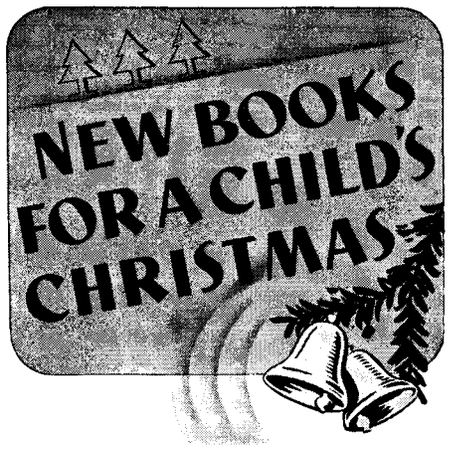

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WE CALLED THEM INDIANS *Flora Warren Seymour* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	10-15 Both	A brief history of the American Indians from prehistoric times to the present day by a well known authority on the subject. Emphasis is given to great Indian leaders and to conflicts between the red and white men; little attention devoted to Indian life or culture.	Good, sober study
WALKING ON GOLD *Phyllis Crawford* (Julian Messner: $2.)	8-14 Boys	The gold rush to California in 1849; the hero a lad who travels out to the diggings by the Santa Fe trail, endures hardships and dangers, sees much of both hostile and friendly Indians, and finally decides that farming will pay better in California than gold-hunting.	Rough piece of work
QUEST OF THE CAVALIERS *Faith Yingling Knoop* (Longmans: $2.)	12-16 Both	Popular account of De Soto's adventures in Darien, Peru, and the southern part of the present United States.	To be highly recommended
A TOAST TO THE KING *Elizabeth Coatsworth* (Coward-McCann: $1.50)	10-14 Girls	A story of New England after the Revolution. Three Loyalist girls brave the anger of their patriotic neighbors, help a British officer escape the American forces, and for fifty years remain at heart British subjects; finally they are reconciled with their neighbors.	Slight, but fairly well done
MEN OF POWER *Albert Carr* (Viking: $2.50)	8-15 Both	Nine dictators, from Richelieu and Cromwell down to Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin, sketches with emphasis on the darker aspects of their careers—though Cromwell is treated gently. Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini are exhibited as brutal tyrants, their crimes being recited in detail.	Uncertain selection
CLEAR FOR ACTION *Stephen W. Meader* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	8-12 Boys	War of 1812; the hero an American lad who is captured by the British, then escapes, and finally makes a discovery of buried treasure on a desert island.	No particular merit
BLACK FIRE *Covelle Newcomb* (Longmans: $2.50)	12-16 Both	Story of the struggle between the French and Negroes in Haiti during the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods. The hero is the Negro leader Henri Christophe, who after the death of Toussaint and Dessalines became Henri I, and reigned until 1820.	Excellent in every way
FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM *Sidney W. Dean* (Macrae-Smith: $2.50)	10-14 Boys	A boys' life of Ethan Allen.	Good
THEY SAILED AND SAILED *Frances Margaret Fox* (Dutton: $2.)	10-16 Both	Sketches of explorers, including unusual names like Damper and Matthew F. Maury.	Good

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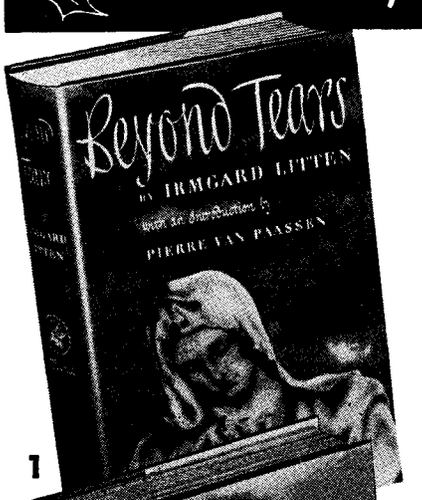

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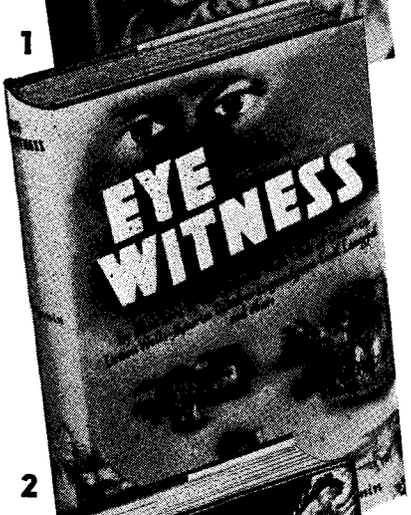

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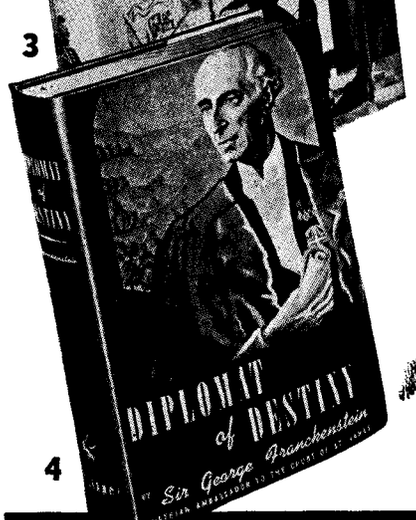

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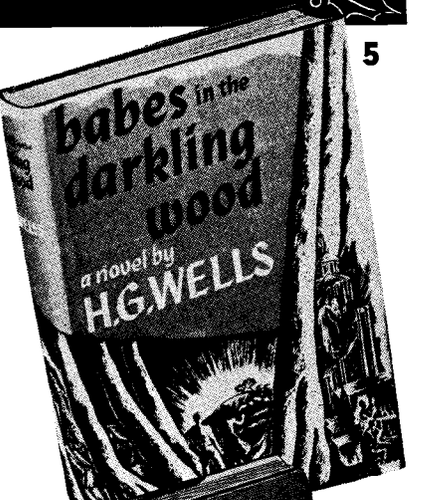

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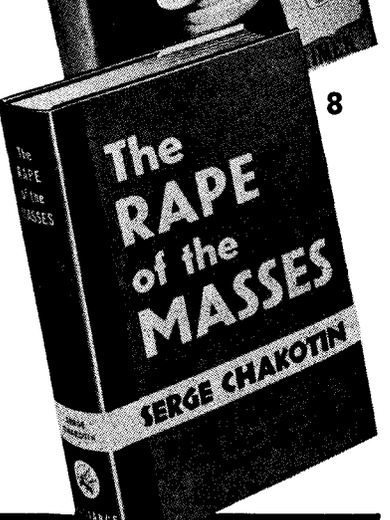

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Appeasement and Hostilities

FATAPOUFS AND THINIFERS. By André Maurois. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1940. 92 *pp.* $2.

AS long ago as the World War André Maurois proved with what wit and grace he could bend fiction to satirizing tragic circumstances. "The Silence of Colonel Bramble" was a book for adults and this gay and delightful fantasy, translated into smooth and vivacious English by Rosemary Benét, is designed for children but it has the verve, the pleasantly disguised commentary on wartime incidents that made the earlier book such excellent reading. By an ingenious subterfuge Mr. Maurois starts his tale off as a straight child's story, opening the narrative with the adventure of two brothers, one fat, the other thin, who in the course of a mountainside exploration discover a tunnel which leads them to a cave whence start ships for the lands of the Fatapoufs and the Thinifers. One brother is carried to one land, one to the other and each becomes secretary to his respective ruler. Before long the countries are on the edge of war and missions are despatched to attempt to prevent catastrophe. Appeasement, however, fails, hostilities result, and (may it be a good omen for the future!) in the end, before the boys are restored to the everyday world after the lapse of an hour instead of the ten years they think they have lived through, the differences of the enemies are happily reconciled. Younger children will read Mr. Maurois's tale with eager interest in its exciting incident and imaginative detail but older ones, and parents who may read the story, will recognize in its sprightly dialogue and cleverly devised situations a pungent satire on persons and happenings of the day. The amusing illustrations by Jean Bruller are an excellent and lively gloss on the text.

SOME BOOKS OF SPECIAL DISTINCTION:

Title and Author	*Age and Sex*	*What It's About*	*Our Opinion*
BABAR AND FATHER CHRISTMAS *Jean de Brunhoff* (Random House: $3.)	3-6 Either	Babar journeys to the remote mountain where Father Christmas makes his home and by his blandishments induces the jolly old man to bestow his favors on elephant land.	A delight to young and old alike
THE TENGGREN MOTHER GOOSE *Illustrated by Gustof Tenggren* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	3-5 Either	A large number of favorite Mother Goose rhymes together with the music for some and delightful illustrations and decorations in color for most.	Excellent
SKITTLES *Rosemary Lamkey* (Holt: $1.)	5-7 Either	The curious adventure of a boy who was given to wool-gathering.	Distinguished
A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES *Robert Louis Stevenson* (McKay: $1.50)	4-8 Either	Stevenson's much loved verses arranged as a talking book with songs, sound, and color, in an R.C.A. Victor recording. Lovely illustrations.	Charming
THE STORY OF LITTLE BLACK SAMBO *Helen Bannerman Told by Helen Myers* (McKay: $1.50)	3-6 Either	A favorite tale arranged with sound effects, color, and incidental music in an R.C.A. Victor recording.	Should make a hit with children
ON THE FARM *Marion Duncan* (McKay: 50¢)	6-10	Frank and Skip are two real boys who live on Peaceful Valley Farm in Wisconsin. The story of their farm life is told in a series of short sketches, each augmented by excellent photographs.	Interesting and educational
SMOKY AND PINOCCHIO *Story and pictures by Helene Carter* (Lippincott: $1.)	4-8	Smoky was a cat, but even aristocratic Persian cats can be lonely. His loneliness is ended one day when he finds a new friend and playmate in the puppet Pinocchio. This is the story of their escapades.	Illustrations colorful and story good
PEPPER MOON *Story by Esther Wood Pictures by Laura Bannon*	6-8	Pepper Moon is a little Chinese boy who wants a dog more than anything else. He finally breaks the resistance of his family and has his wish granted.	Beautiful illustrations and amusing text

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Author, Author!

GREAT MEN. *René Kraus,* biographer of Winston Churchill, has returned to England by plane after spending several months in this country. Mr. Kraus said recently that he has known two really great men: Clemenceau and Winston Churchill. The author and the British Prime Minister have known each other for many years. Mr. Kraus, formerly a member of Chancellor Schuschnigg's press bureau, got out of Austria just a jump ahead of the Nazis, making his escape by way of Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Many of his colleagues failed to reach the border.

Clinical Accuracy. "Thank God for an author's accuracy of detail," an anonymous New Yorker has written to *D. L. Murray,* after reading Mr. Murray's "Tale of Three Cities." He wrote: "Remember the part (of "Tale of Three Cities") where Deodato served his apprenticeship to the English marble-cutter after running away from the monastery—the detailed account of the arsenic poison torture the marble-cutter was undergoing? Well, I was experiencing the same horrible reactions as well as other violent reactions and had already been ill for some months. I immediately got in touch with a chemical laboratory . . . learned that I had, unknowingly, been inhaling arsenic and sodium fluoride for over three years, and then violent things began to happen to me from both. I'm still, after eight months, in a doctor's care . . ."

Novels Into Plays. *R. E. Spencer* was surprised to learn that his first novel, "The Lady Who Came to Stay," published in 1931 and out of print for many years, had served *Kenneth White* as the basis for a play of the same title. He was more delighted than surprised when the play was bought by the first producer to whom it was submitted, Guthrie McClintic, who is planning a Broadway opening immediately after New Year's. Mr. White first became interested in "The Lady Who Came to Stay" when he wrote a 100-word review of it for the *Nation* in 1931. It stayed in the back of his mind until September of this year. Far from being dismayed by the dramatist's drastic changes in his story, Mr. Spencer admires the script enormously. . . . *P. L. Traver's* famous fantasy "Mary Poppins" has been dramatized and will be done as play-with-music, with Beatrice Lillie as Mary Poppins. Production awaits Miss Lillie's arrival from England. . . . *Walter Van Tilburg Clark* is besieged with offers to dramatize his first novel, "The Ox-Bow Incident."

American Harem Ladies. *Maureen Whipple* is a descendant of Mormon pioneers. Her first novel, "The Giant Joshua," due early in January, will

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treat of three generations of a Mormon family. Vardis Fisher wrote of the Mormons, in "Children of God," from the masculine point of view. Miss Whipple tells what Mormon life was like from the woman's standpoint. Not all Mormon ladies were unhappy in polygamy, she reveals, but her grandmother, who plays a large part in the novel, was. At sixteen she became the wife of a missionary whose older wives resented her youth and fragility. Later she knew the same resentment with the accession of a still younger wife. Miss Whipple's mother as a child often hid in the sage brush on freezing nights to escape U. S. marshalls who captured children on "polygamy raids" to make them give evidence against their parents. The author says, "These people of whom I write are my people and I love them, but I believe that what they did becomes even greater when we face the fact that they were human beings by birth and only saints by adoption."

An old Illinois boy, F.P.A., would like to know the location of the Illinois Institute of Technology, whose faculty M. W. Fodor recently joined. The Illinois Institute of Technology is at 3300 Federal Street, Chicago.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Poker. From S. S. Van Dine's "Benson Murder Case" (p. 11) and "Canary Murder Case" (chapters 27 and 28).
2. Billiards. "Antony and Cleopatra," Act II, Scene V.
3. Frog jumping. "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," by Mark Twain.
4. Poker. "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," by Bret Harte.
5. Whist. "Around the World in Eighty Days," by Jules Verne.
6. Pistol practice. "The Musgrave Ritual," by Conan Doyle.
7. Euchre. "Plain Language from Truthful James," by Bret Harte.
8. Whist. "Mrs. Battle's Opinions of Whist," by Charles Lamb.
9. Man hunting. "The Most Dangerous Game," by Richard Connell.
10. Solo whist. "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," by Robert W. Service.

LITERATURE OF THE BRANDYWINE

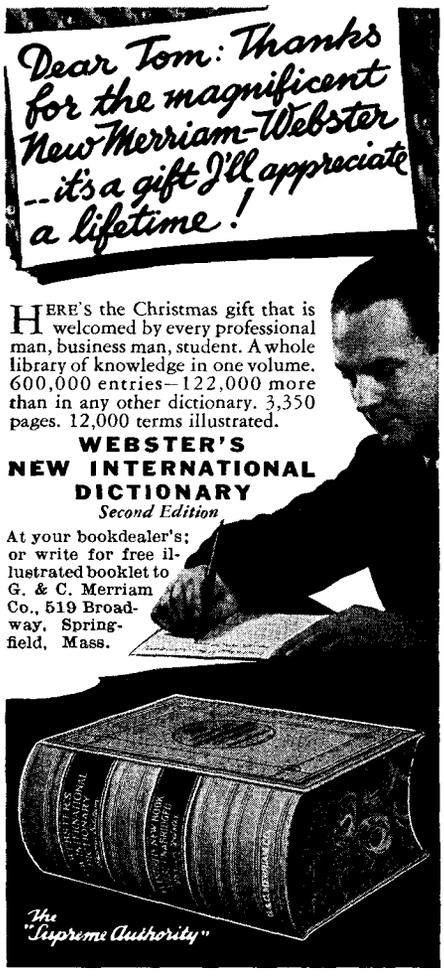
(*Continued from page 4*)

deed, if the melodrama could be drained out of it, there would remain a very good study of the background of the battle, and especially of the drawing into the conflict of a neutral population stirred by Tory insolence and British outrage.

But the melodrama, unfortunately, was Lippard's pride. "The legends of the Brandywine," he wrote to Henry Clay, in his preface, "are as immortal as the hills which overshadow her beautiful valleys." And he prepared to make them so by liberal doses of sensationalism and sentimentalism. For inventiveness of plot, variety of sensational characters, narrow escapes, intense loves, tragic renunciations, and the high issues involved, this novel is a scenario writer's dream.

Blanche comes of a family of Jacobites who have suffered in the cause of the Pretenders, and carry their romantic revenges into the battle against the British. She is a paragon of all beauty as she is seen at her devotions in her "oratory" on the Brandywine. So beautiful that the heir of the Percys has been drawn to her rustic solitude. His devotion and dark mysteries are inextricably mixed with the issues of the conflict. Fatal pacquets, mysterious strangers, a dark Northumberland who "married an Indian first" and so began the mysteries, Quakers, both honest and treacherous, midnight meetings by a rock on Brandywine with the mark of a cloven hoof, female outrage and foiled murder, make a mixture of which Charles Brockden Brown might have been proud. Lafayette, Wayne, Washington are part of the story, and there is a secret meeting of Washington with General Howe in which he is offered a vice-regency and spurns the bribe. Never were Scott and the Gothic romances mingled in a more turbid concoction. And yet there is some good characterization, some really exciting incident, and the whole is written in flowing English with the competence of a professional.

Lippard had real ability, if bad taste. Dr. John Lofland, the "Milford Bard," Milford being a town in lower Delaware, reached a climax of Brandywine sentimentalism with far less skill. This Delaware poet and prose writer pub-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lished his first book in 1848, dedicated to the ladies of Baltimore; his second, a posthumous volume, was a compliment to the ladies of Wilmington. A journalist and contributor to the Annuals, he proposed to memorialize the legends of the Brandywine, but he had even less historical conscience than Lippard. "Ono-keo-co, or the Bandit of the Brandywine" and "Manitoo, the Indian Beauty of the Brandywine" and "Wild Harry of Wilmington" are pretty terrible claptrap, though they have some reality of background. His "Helen MacTrevor," a story of the Battle of the Brandywine is no better. Manitoo, the Indian princess, pretends to drown herself in the Brandywine gorge, but reappears as a boy. It is all high-flung sentimental romance. Apparently here again, and as with Robert Louis Stevenson, a romantic and beautiful scene asked for a story equally romantic, which the author supplies. These are all brief tales, far less ambitious than Lippard's novel. As a literary aspirant, however, Dr. Lofland seems to have been not too successful financially, since he is recorded as advertising, in a local paper, to write anything from lectures to inscriptions for tombs and love letters, for from one to twenty dollars apiece!

There are several minor and some graceful poets of the Brandywine, including Mary Ann Moore, who wrote in order to divert her mind from failing eyesight, and reads just that way. And one poet not minor, Sidney Lanier, friend of Bayard Taylor spoke in 1876, in his "Clover," of "Chester's favorable fields," where "slopes . . . most ravishingly run," and of the placid Brandywine "holding the hills and the heavens." He lived for a while near Chads Ford. James Bowen Everhart, however, deserves mention by name. His poem, "The Fox Chase," published in Philadelphia in 1874, is a lively account of a sport long followed on the Middle Brandywine, whose easy, open slopes, fences and hedges, and steep, rocky coves all favor the hunt. These upper Delaware and Chester County hunts in the time of my youth were not, however, of the pink-coated variety which Everhart describes in his poem. Hunting on the Brandywine was a popular sport, to which farmers brought their work horses, and mixed with such of the gentry as could ride and afford good mounts, to make a democratic day of it. There is an excellent description of such a hunt in the opening chapters of Bayard Taylor's "The Story of Kennett," the best novel of the Brandywine country. In that narrative the hunt is won by a farmer, and there is more tough riding than huntsman's display.

Everhart's chase sweeps down the

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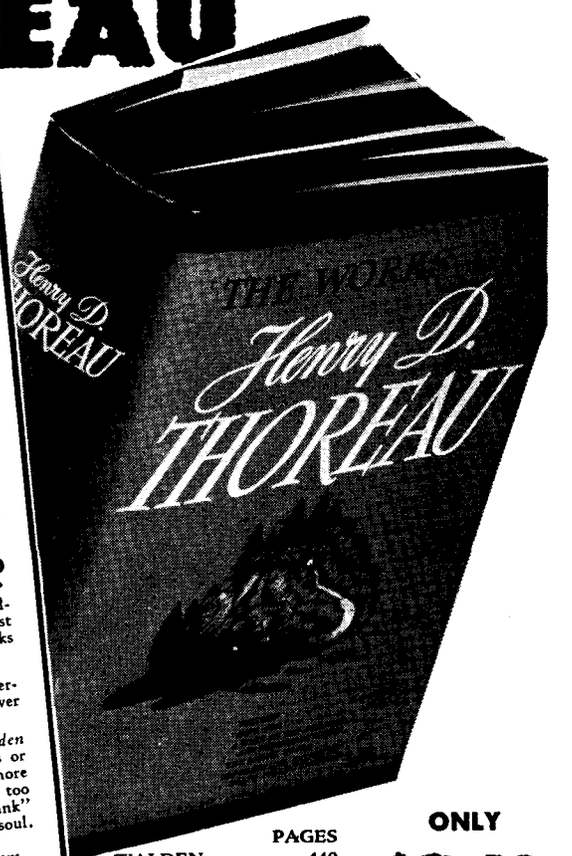

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A Modest Man

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hills toward Dungeon Hollow, near Lenape, and is lost in those swampy, tree-shaded meadows, "a spot secluded, wild and weird," and ends over the hills beyond Pocopson Creek, "by that rocky heap, where Indian Hannah used to keep, her native state." But though you can follow the hunt easily on the map, the language describing the chase has the romantic borrowings and imitative accent that the beauties of the Brandywine seemed always to stimulate:

The pack's fierce bay
Rolls o'er the land, so wild and loud
That glen and craggy peak,
And hoary wood and hanging cloud
A thousand echoes speak.

It would be unjust to omit from this survey "Reminiscences of Wilmington, in Familiar Village Tales, Ancient and New," of Elizabeth Montgomery (1851), for in easy sentimentalism it qualifies as typical Brandywine literature; and as an unforced and unique example of American folklore belongs in any category of original American books. Indefatigably pious, with a ravening appetite for death, disease, and broken hearts, Betsy was an articulate, if unskilled, soul, who gave her all to Wilmington, "this pretty town," which, for her, was the seat of romance and the microcosm of history. And the Brandywine, she felt, was its Garden of Eden, not devoid of appropriate snakes, both real and figurative. In a community which is described as happy, it is astonishing how many of Betsy's characters came to bad ends. If it is true that she burst into Molly Vining's burial room, without invitation, in order to see the corpse of the famous beauty, it was because death and dissolution and appropriate Scripture passages were her specialty. If she records a South Carolinian who cut his name on a rock over Brandywine, with "Departed—" left blank for the date when he should leave Wilmington, the reader is not surprised to find that he dies the next month of a violent fever, "to the great grief of his father, for he was an only son. 'But I said truly, this is a great grief, and I must bear it.'"

I have left until the last the one certain star, though not of the first magnitude, in the literary sky of the mid-American century, who was born and bred on the Brandywine, and came back because he loved it. Bayard Taylor, born at Kennett Square in 1825, spent his youth on the hills just above the river and just across the Delaware line. He did apprentice work on the West Chester *Village Record,* and, though he left early for a career as poet, novelist, journalist, translator of Goethe, and travel writer (one of our best), and died as our minister in Berlin, his imagination was always turning home.

His "The Story of Kennett" is a good novel, quiet in its telling in spite of its melodramatic plot, and with scenes such as the fox hunt already mentioned and the Quaker meeting which make it first-rate American social history. Sandy Flash, his highwayman, is at home in the Brandywine hills, and the narrative is never far from the Brandywine itself. Nevertheless, it is difficult to relate Taylor more intimately with the river. He loved its beauty, but his life was an escape from the quietism of the valley; and on his return from abroad he brought European ideas not too well assimilated, which colored his poetry of the region until it has little that is truly native. One sees this escape and return in his "Home Pastorals," where the Brandywine valley is always a background:

Life still bears the stamp of its early struggle and labor,
Still is shorn of its color by pious Quaker repression,
Still is turbid with calm, or only swift in the shallow.
Gone are the olden cheer, the tavern-dance and the fox-hunt. . . .
Clearly, if song is here to be found, I must seek it within me.

He sought it, in actuality, outside, in the East and all over Europe, and much too often in his contemporaries in England. Yet, if the reader wishes to know how life went on the middle Brandywine toward 1796, he will get a better idea from "The Story of Kennett" than from any other book I know. These are the people who tilled the fields and built the houses that give quality and character to the scenery of the Brandywine.

These fields, these very houses, though often over misleading captions, appear in superb representation in the illustrations of the greatest American illustrator of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the Wilmington artist, Howard Pyle. And I have always thought that in his minor masterpiece of literature, for he was a writer also, "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," Sherwood Forest, which he had never seen, was really the noble groves and slopes of tulip, oak, chestnut, and ash along the hills and ravines of the lower Brandywine.

PEDRO SALINAS

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Come, Sweet Death

A Roundup of Whodunits

JUDGE LYNCH

TO begin what might be called a Hellup Poll of the year's murders on a hopeful note, we may state that the last detective story of 1940 will be "The Graveyard Never Closes."

The first mystery novel of the year, published on January 2nd, was "The Lady Was Afraid," a quite remember-able little number. Between these first and last publications of 1940 blood flowed in rivers.

Two hundred and eighty-two crime novels passed under the portals of The Criminal Record during the calendar year. This is the largest annual production of such stories within the memory of mortal man.

The year 1940 was the deadliest year in crime in more ways than one. In only one month, the ever-lean December, did the output fall below twenty titles, and, with possibly a few precincts not yet heard from, December is three books ahead of last year. January, August, September, and October were reeking, with the last two months tied for high at twenty-nine titles each. Figured conservatively, the years casualties amounted to 705 men, women, and children a number about equivalent to the population (Census of 1930) of Lower Peach Tree, Ala. Several dogs died, too.

Eighty-eight, or, speaking roughly, about one-third of the grand total came from the pens of feminine authors—twenty-four more than in 1939. There were few evidences of book-control. In several instances the authoresses presented their public with three stories during the year, although in one case a slightly pallid four-year-old was offered in the bright swaddling clothes of a brand new arrival.

All but 61 of the 1940 crime crop were home grown. Of those from furrin parts 56 were of English origin, a not unexpected reduction from last year of thirty-odd titles, but more bundles from Britain than your poller expected until he began to tote them up. With one exception they were of good quality, and very few of them had anything to do with the war, at least beyond its "phoney" phase. The French mystery story at last came into its own with three Simenon translations that established M. Maigret permanently in the hearts of American fans. There were two other French detective stories.

Backgrounds and murder-methods were about the same as last year. Intricate mechanical devices, or scientific gadgets, to speed some unfortunate to his or her doom were gratefully scarce. Few of the killers were especially clever in the deed itself, but a great number of them showed remarkable skill in covering their tracks. It was not a good year for originality of method, nor did it reveal any new de-

THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS

You Can Influence Others With Your Thinking!

TRY it some time. Concentrate intently upon another person seated in a room with you, without his noticing it. Observe him gradually become restless and finally turn and look in your direction. Simple — yet it is a *positive demonstration* that thought generates a mental energy which can be projected from your mind to the consciousness of another. Do you realize how much of your success and happiness in life depend upon your influencing others? Is it not important to you to have others understand your point of view — to be receptive to your proposals?

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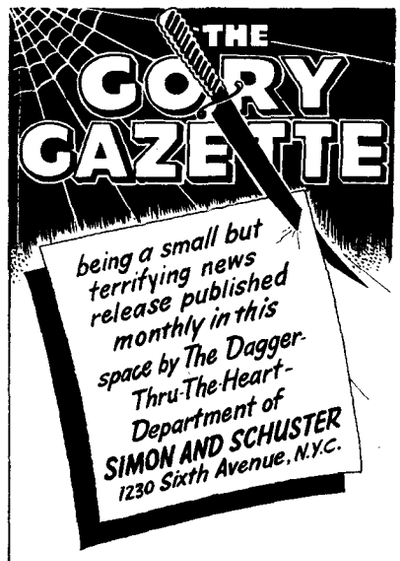
THE
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GAZETTE
being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of
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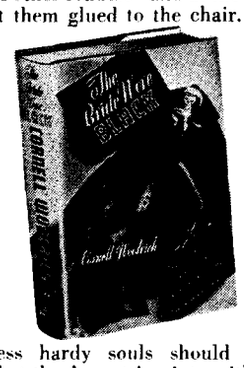
The Gory Gazette's Fashion Editor (specialist in shrouds) quivered with excitement when she heard about our December *Inner Sanctum Mystery*: *The Bride Wore Black* by CORNELL WOOLRICH. She had the mistaken notion that it was a fashion note.

The Gory Gazette, being too honest for its own good, wants to make it perfectly clear that *The Bride Wore Black* has nothing whatsoever to do with June, moon, or MENDELSSOHN. In fact, it's a book we feel obliged to warn you against. Our printer, whose face is normally covered with black printer's ink, went visibly white as he set it up in type. And it has already scared the pants off several other readers—and at the same time kept them glued to the chair.



Less hardy souls should know what they're getting into with *The Bride Wore Black*, so here's a brief description:

There are four men murdered, there's a woman as shadowy as death itself, there are completely baffled police, there's an attempted fifth murder, and a denouément as sensational as a parachute jump.

The staff at R. H. MACY, evidently made of stern stuff, has unanimously selected *The Bride Wore Black* as the *Macy Guilt-Edge Mystery for December*. They think it's the perfect Christmas present for armchair detectives who like nothing better than a genuine case of the jitters.

The next move is up to you. Simply creep up behind your bookseller and scare the daylights out of him by muttering

THE BRIDE WORE BLACK

And don't come around saying we didn't warn you.

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY

tective whose name is likely to join the immortals. On the other hand, the literary quality was exceptionally high. In several instances the stories held their own with almost any "serious" novel of the day. Quite a few pretty transparent plots got by on the strength of first-class atmospheric writing and clever characterizations. The crime novel is definitely out of the Doric stage and has now entered the Corinthian—if we have our orders straight. How much longer the writers can go on decorating the time-honored plots before they reach the Rococo remains to be seen. The novels of Mr. Elliot Paul are an example, although the style of those *opera* might be termed Rocockeyed.

Looking back over the year one is alarmed at the inordinate amount of cuteness and high spirits. Also at the steadily increasing taint of romance. A couple of cadavers didn't dampen the spirits of many a house-party where murder had been done. The quips and jollity and wise-cracking went right on—in some cases before the corpses were cold. Suspects within sight of the electric chair sent court-rooms into gales of laughter with their amusing chatter. Rightly enough one author opined that "Murder Is a Serious Business." Romance, luv, heart-throbs are all right in their place, too, but not when they get in the road of the story, as they frequently did last year.

It was a Quantity rather than a Quality year. Out of the 282 stories there were 28 that one recalls with especial pleasure—about ten per cent

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THIS'LL KILL YOU *Marion Randolph* (Holt: $2.)	Surgical knife finishes medico with budding murder mania. Three small-town coppers do good job with obdurate and flighty suspects.	Dead doctor's diary holds astutely concealed clues to cold-blooded crime. Plot well worked out despite considerable lost motion.	Fair
MURDER IS A SERIOUS BUSINESS *Elizabeth Dean* (Crime Club: $2.)	Two violent deaths in farmhouseful of precious furniture gives antique-expert Emma Marsh chance to demonstrate detective skill.	Great deal of interesting dope on muffineers, "flup" glasses, etc.; well tangled plot, cheerful conversation, and keen deduction.	Pleasant
THE AFFAIR IN DEATH VALLEY *Clifford Knight* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Disappearance of nameless corpse found in Western desert, along with murders of finder and elderly "desert rat" keep Huntoon Rogers stepping.	Starting from scratches on fountain-pen cap and 3 cigarette stubs, Rogers works up case against bold, resourceful, and lucky criminal.	Very good grade
AUNT SUNDAY TAKES COMMAND *Jefferson Farjeon* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Bus trip from north of England to London imperils trio of maiden ladies who finally cause capture of criminal gang.	Experiences of Aunts Wednesday, Thursday, and indomitable Sunday in nest of kidnappers afford amusement and thrills—taken with several grains of salt.	Entertaining
MEET THE MURDERER *Warden Lewis E. Lawes* (Harpers: $3.)	Head of Sing Sing describes numerous murderers he has met and analyzes their personalities.	Tragic, humorous, sympathetic, and fascinating account of warped human beings, with wise concluding dictum on capital punishment.	Absorbing
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK *Cornell Woolrich* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Beautiful unknown poisons, defenestrates, smothers, and shoots (with arrow) unlucky masculine quartet. Quadruply foiled detective Wanger quells murderess by clever trick.	An opus out of the ordinary, highly emotional and suspenseful, with surprise finish that turns somersaults in amazingly agile, if implausible, fashion.	Odd
THE SECOND MYSTERY BOOK *Six Headliners* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.50)	Stories, long and short, five American and one English in scene, by Abbot, Ford, Frome, Rinehart, Stout, and Wylie.	Mrs. Rinehart's short chiller and Rex Stout's Tecumseh Fox "novella" are tops. Of the rest the less said the better.	Spotty
I WANTED TO MURDER *Clarissa Fairchild Cushman* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Young wife with tragic secret and obnoxious Don Juan violently extinguished. New York authoress talks self into fix—and out again.	Purists may object to certain slurred-over details, and characters all talk too much, but suspense holds up very well.	Pretty good

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of the whole. We name them, with comments where such seem appropriate:

"The Norths Meet Murder," by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Stokes). In which wit, humor, and good sleuthing were, for once, admirably combined.

"Hugger Mugger in the Louvre," by Elliot Paul (Random). For which the same may be said as for "The Norths," plus a large content of pure insanity. On Mr. Paul's later 1940 stories less encomiums may be heaped.

"The French Key," by Frank Gruber (Farrar). Data on the methods of cheap hotel-keepers and a couple of genially tough book-agent detectives.

"Murder by Marriage," by Robert George Dean (Scribner). Another rousing number in the hard-boiled-and-bibulous group.

"Sing a Song of Homicide," by James R. Langham (Simon & Schuster). Quite engaging, but not too strong on concealing the culprit.

"The Patience of Maigret"; "Maigret Travels South," and "Maigret Abroad," all by Georges Simenon (Harcourt), and all superlative, with the first one deserving extra salutes.

"A Matter of Iodine," by David Keith (Dodd, Mead). Some of the best writing of the year to a cloudy plot, but rewarding.

"Farewell, My Lovely," by Raymond Chandler (Knopf). Possibly the best of the 1940 six-minute eggs, although the hero took more punishment than a dozen ordinary guys could stand.

"Deadly Is the Evil Tongue," by Anne Hocking (Putnam), and "The Shadow and the Web," by Mary Allerton (Bobbs-Merrill), the year's top contributions to the shiver-and-shake school.

"And Then There Were None," by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead), *sans* Poirot, nonpareil tour-de-force. "Sad Cypress," same lady (same pub.), *avec* Poirot, deductive posy, and fragrant.

"A Comedy of Terrors," by Michael Innes (Dodd, Mead). Gets in here for its excellent writing and those literary allusions that make one feel so superior. A tour-de-force that sputters.

"The Spider and the Fly," by R. A. J. Walling (Morrow). First-class deduction; dogged-does-it British brand.

"The Whispering Cup," by Mabel Seeley (Crime Club). Grim goings-on in a gossipy mid-west town. Prize suspense-holder.

"The Case of the Baker Street Irregulars," by Anthony Boucher (Simon). Amusing, if transparent, Sherlockian travesty—which read better the second time than the first. You can do that with some stories.

"The People Ask Death," by George Dyer (Scribner). One of those queer Cal. crime-solving cults makes hash of the crew that tried to frame its baby-member. Has a lot of funny candid-camera shots and a good plot.

"Line-up," edited by John Rhode (Dodd, Mead). The best anthology of the year. English authors only—except for Mr. John Dickson Carr.

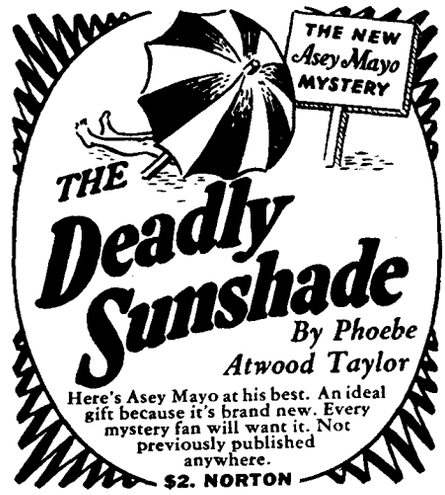
"Death at the Bar," by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown). Not Miss Marsh at her best, but better than most.

"The Case of the Baited Hook," and "The Case of the Silent Partner," by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow). No comment—but when a poor Perry Mason story comes along that will be something to write about.

"Old Lovers Ghost," by Leslie Ford (Scribners). Col. Primrose and Sgt. Buck do their stuff against a pleasing background of thwarted young love.

"The Great Mistake," by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Farrar and Rinehart). A romantic novel, and a good one.

"The Balcony," by Dorothy Cameron Disney (Random), and "Verdict of Twelve," by Raymond Postgate (Crime Club), and "Death of a Peer," by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown), about the best crime-stories of the year.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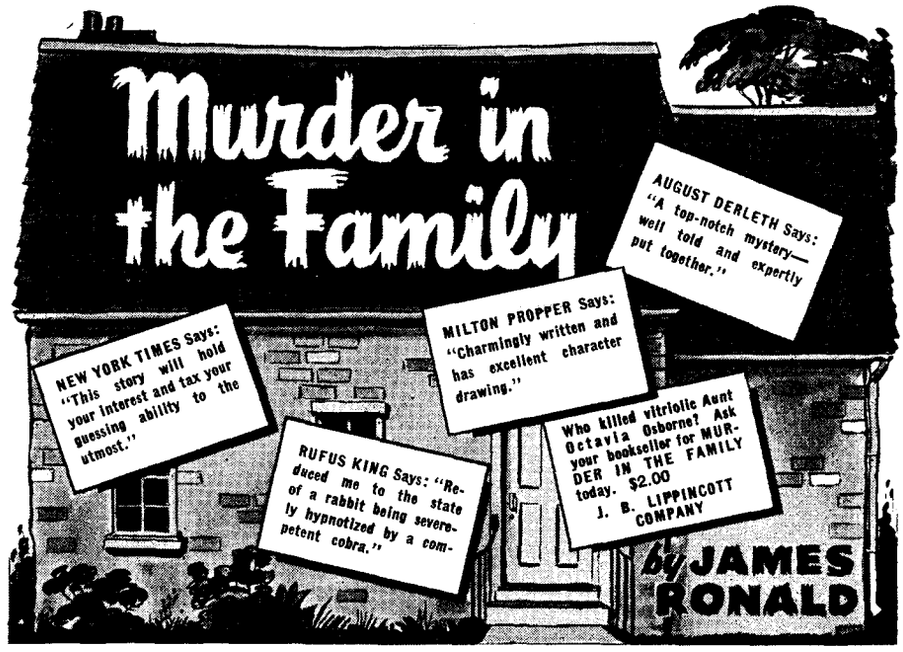
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ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

AMERICAN HISTORY

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK COMPANY, Glendale, California, specializes in publications relating to American history, travel, and economics. Catalogs upon request.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare books. Old books. New books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

RARE BOOKS

FIRST EDITIONS, Modern & American authors. Fine books. Catalogues issued. Phillip Duschnes, 507 Fifth Avenue.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. Send your wants for immediate attention. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. No. 400, 117 West 48th Street, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mail order catalogue, 20c.

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BACK NUMBERS

"ASK SHARAN." He has them. BACK NUMBER MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS, 90 Years of Back Numbers. SHARAN'S, 11 W. 17th Street, New York City.

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

GIRL FRIDAY, Ms. typing, research, stenographer. Shirley Chidsey, MU 2-6087, 247 East 37th, New York City.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco, Calif.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed — corrected. References, 1142 — 4th Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

SALES * REVISION * SALES to book and magazine publishers, U. S. and foreign. Advice on revision. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

RESEARCH FOR WRITERS AND LECTURERS. Thesis work, research papers, speeches, special articles developed by experienced research and editorial staff. STANDARD RESEARCH ASSOCIATES, 140 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C. Tel WIsconsin 7-5477.

CATALOG OF HOME STUDY BOOKS and Particulars of Dr. Essenwein's famous forty-lesson course in Short-Story Writing free. Write today. HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Dept. 5, Springfield, Mass.

BOOKPLATES

BOOKPLATES. BOOKMASTERS: Beautiful designs; Heraldic, Zodiac, Symbolic, Antioch. Samples FREE. Artcraft, 522 Sheridan, Evanston, Illinois.

GENUINE STEEL-DIE LINE ETCHINGS by Willy Pogany, internationally known illustrator. Exclusive modern designs, fine vellum stock, finest craftsmanship. An unusual Christmas present. Free samples. CASTLECRAFT, 546 Los Angeles St., Los Angeles.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED

FACTS that all research workers, students, librarians and magazine publishers should know about periodicals are contained in an illustrated, sixteen page pamphlet which may be had free upon request from The H. W. Wilson Company, 950 University Avenue, New York, world's largest buyer and seller of sets, volumes, single numbers, foreign and American back number magazines.

GENERAL

CARL SANDBURG said that WHY WAS LINCOLN MURDERED? by Otto Eisenschiml deserves a permanent place on every Lincoln shelf. This is even more true of Otto Eisenschiml's latest book, IN THE SHADOW OF LINCOLN'S DEATH. Kidnap plots and plots to murder, the life and the death of Booth, the conspiracy trials—all these are brought to light and brought to life in this book, IN THE SHADOW OF LINCOLN'S DEATH. Autographed first edition copies are available from us at the published price, $3.00. Send for your copy today. THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP, INC., 16 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS. A YEAR'S READING AT LESS THAN 2c A DAY. That's precisely what a CHRISTMAS GIFT of a year's subscription to the Mercantile Library will provide. Everything in New Books, as well as old favorites. Bulletins mailed upon request. Subscription $5.00 per year. MERCANTILE LIBRARY, 17 East 47th Street, N. Y. C.

CAN GERMANY WIN? Is it Hitler's destiny to rule the world? What about America's 1941? See Wynn's Astrology Magazine — all stands.

DIME NOVELS. Merriwell, Deadwood Dick, all your boyhood favorites, in our illustrated Bibliography; price $1.00 postpaid. G. Bragin, 1525 West 12th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Double-Crostics: No. 350

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

	1-R	2-F		3-S	4-K		5-O	6-E	7-G	8-P		9-B	10-H	11-Q	
12-K	13-G	14-L		15-O	16-X	17-B	18-Y	19-R		20-A	21-R		22-R	23-Y	24-P
25-N	26-I	27-U		28-A	29-E	30-D		31-M	32-S	33-V	34-Z	35-X	36-F	37-N	38-U
39-H	40-Q	41-C		42-I	43-J	44-E	45-K		46-A	47-G	48-I		49-A	50-L	
51-R	52-P	53-J	54-A		55-P	56-Y	57-V	58-K	59-T	60-W	61-M	62-S		63-S	64-U
65-K	66-M		67-H	68-R	69-Q	70-S	71-D	72-K	73-N	74-V		75-G	76-K	77-E	
78-X	79-R	80-N	81-K	82-A	83-F	84-U	85-D		86-B		87-W	88-M	89-N	90-Z	91-V
92-Q	93-C	94-F	95-U	96-K		97-W	98-I	99-G		100-P	101-B	102-A		103-P	104-O
105-S	106-U	107-Y	108-D	109-C	110-T	111-W		112-O	113-Z	114-H		115-R	116-L	117-I	118-J
	119-B	120-A	121-H		122-U	123-R	124-S	125-X		126-Z	127-V	128-H	129-U	130-O	
131-E	132-J		133-Y	134-Q	135-X	136-L		137-L	138-W	139-T	140-U	141-K	142-M	143-Y	144-N
	145-B	146-G	147-E		148-X	149-J	150-L		151-L	152-S	153-Q		154-S	155-Y	156-Z
157-D	158-X	159-I	160-Q	161-N		162-K	163-D	164-Y	165-C	166-W	167-L	168-V		169-C	170-I
171-N	172-H	173-O	174-Z	175-M	176-G	177-U		178-F	179-E		180-T	181-N	182-Q		

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Designating animal head without neck showing (Herald).

B. Means of defense formed by felled trees.

C. Tersely cogent.

D. Bombastic (speech or style).

E. The abyss of hell (Bib.)

F. Supply with clothes, etc.

G. Commander of a fleet (Gr. antiq.)

H. Mozart's greatest symphony.

I. No longer useful.

J. Giant personifying inhospitable sea (Norse myth.)

K. Allegory by Lord Bacon (2 wds.)

L. Having a corky texture (Bot.)

M. Fawning favorite.

N. Power of ready invention.

O. Even if.

P. Any of various leaping insects.

Q. Adapted for swimming.

R. Subtle emanation.

S. Resist.

T. Part of Hudson River.

U. Lowest (position).

V. Contrivance, object, or device.

W. Shutdown.

X. Put to shame; disconcerted.

Y. Causing irritation.

Z. Invested oneself with.

WORDS

46	28	49	20	102	120	54	82			
86	9	145	119	101	17					
169	109	93	165	41						
71	157	108	85	163	30					
44	131	6	147	77	179	29				
83	36	2	94	178						
146	75	7	47	99	176	13				
172	10	67	39	114	121	128				
117	26	159	42	98	170	48				
43	132	118	149	53						
76	4	162	58	12	81	65	96	45	72	141
150	167	137	14	116	151	136	50			
31	142	66	175	88	61					
80	73	144	171	181	89	37	25	161		
15	5	104	173	112	130					
100	52	103	55	8	24					
153	92	11	69	40	134	160	182			
19	21	115	68	123	22	1	79	51		
152	154	63	3	105	62	32	70	124		
139	180	59	110							
84	27	129	64	177	122	38	95	140	106	
33	127	91	74	57	168					
138	60	111	166	87	97					
16	78	35	158	148	125	135				
155	107	164	18	56	23	143	133			
156	113	34	90	126	174					

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS ASSOCIATES

RAY BOND, of Dodd, Mead & Co., tells a story about identification marks: He was gossiping with a bright salesgal in a Fifth Avenue bookshop when she muttered through her teeth, "Here comes one of my best customers." Leaving, she sold the customer three books; and was back shortly. "I could have sold him Blank's non-fiction book," she said, "but I knew it would keep him in reading for the winter; and it would have been only one sale. I'll snag him for that later."

★ ★

☞One of the Q. Associates mentioned last week the titles of some excellent two-volume works which have been published this fall. Young Q. remembers attending a publisher's sales conference at which an editor had extolled a certain two-volume work to the salesmen . . . At the end of his eulogy the editor turned to the salesmanager and asked him how, if he were a bookstore clerk, he would go about selling the set. "I'd simply say," said the salesmanager, "buy the two volumes, and use 'em for bookends!"

★ ★

☞The New York *Times* index of business activity advanced in the week ending November 23rd to the highest point in its history—117.0. This was 2.2 points above the 1929 peak. ☞Steel, cotton, lumber, motors, electricity, and carloadings are the stuff that literature feeds on. But each age has had its essays contending that the reverse is true. Perhaps—both points of view are unresolved in the old Joe Miller: "Which comes first, ————?" ☞During this boom time, Young Q. will settle for two eggs in every pot. ☞It may take a while for industry's surplus money to trickle through to the book writing, book publishing, and book selling business; but the boys can go about brightening up their shelves with some hope. First edition and rare book prices have a sensitive nose for prosperity. We wandered around the corner to Scribner's Bookstore, and asked for a copy of their latest catalogue, "American First Editions, Autograph Letters and Manuscripts." Prices of a few of the 550 items listed:

Looking Backward, by Edward Bellamy, [A.L.S.] $35.

A Book of Americans, by Stephen Vincent Benét and Rosemary Benét, $3.

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck [First issue]. $7.50.

Farm Ballads, by Will Carlton, $12.50.

Youth and the Bright Medusa, by Willa Cather [Large paper, signed]. $35.

The Last of the Mohicans, by James Fenimore Cooper, $75.

Maggie, A Girl of the Streets. By Johnston Smith, really by Stephen Crane, $4.50.

The Red Badge of Courage, by Stephen Crane, $67.50.

Works. A Collected Set of First Editions, by Finley Peter Dunne, $37.50.

Sister Carrie, by Theodore Dreiser, $200.

Essays, First and Second Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson [First issues]. $100.

North of Boston; by Robert Frost, $165.

The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, $50.

Swallow Barn; or, A Sojourn in the Old Dominion, by John Pendleton Kennedy, $35.

Parnassus on Wheels, by Christopher Morley [Inscribed; first issue]. $100.

American Stamp Act" (London, 1765), $105. No items by Sam Adams or Tom Paine.

☞(The veteran collector knows that points and condition considerably alter values.)

★ ★

☞The business division of the *SRL* have also been pooled regarding their Christmas book choices for gift-giving. Leading off, George Dilkes, Business Manager and student of French literature, will wrap in tissue and dainty ribbons *Leaves of Grass* with the Rockwell Kent illustrations, *Collected Poems* by E. E. Cummings, Somerset Maugham's collection of short stories, *Ah, King,* and *Traité du Style,* by Louis Aragon. Anne Ketain, secretary to Mr. Dilkes and an omnivorous reader, has saved some permanent-wave money, and is giving *Betrayal in Europe, The Grapes of Wrath, Native Son, Penguin Island, Inside Asia,* and *Men in Battle.* George Knippel, circulation overseer, is a horror addict. Crime and detective stories are on his list. *The Complete Sherlock Holmes,* and *The French Key,* by Frank Gruber, go to a policeman friend. Anthony Passaretti, accountant and photographer, has tabbed for Christmas delivery *You Can't Print That* and *Lords of the Press,* by George Seldes, *Men in Battle,* by Alvah Bessie, *The Grapes of Wrath, Native Son, Perfect Print Control,* and *Control Processes.* The latter two are books on camera work.

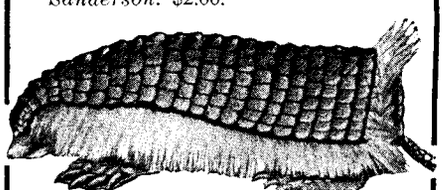
★ ★

☞Swinging into the advertising department we find Rosaline Spector, assistant and secretary to the manager, completely sold on *Where Do We Go From Here?,* by Harold Laski, *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* and *Good Humor Man,* the priceless George Price production of funny drawings and gags. Next comes James Nelson, advertising manager, a strange gentleman who believes asperin and quinine are better for colds than old-fashioned Old Fashioneds, Taylors, Old Granddads, or Old Methuselahs. The staff is uniting on a gift for him—U. S. Pharmacopœia. ☞Isabella Athey really doesn't belong in this paragraph, since she is general helper in the editorial department. In a technical sense, however, Athey is all business, and therefore qualifies. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *Epilogue* (in the original) to *Les Thibaults,* by Roger Martin du Gard, will take the holly this year.

★ ★

☞One of our scouts reports a Christmas find in two charming "King" Penguin Books (41 East 28th Street): *A Book of Roses,* with color plates from Redauté's *Roses;* and *British Birds,* with reproductions of John Gould's color engravings. Priced at fifty cents, they are charming examples of good taste in cheap book production, as well as good advertisement for culture in wartime.

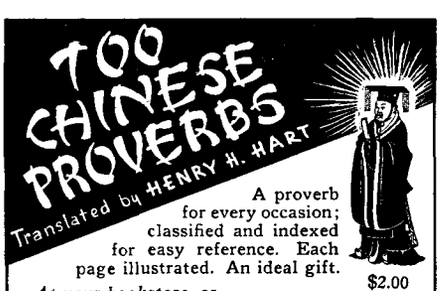
The Aye-aye, the Tube-Nosed Fruit Bat, the Hemigale and 18 other "animals nobody knows" introduced to younger readers in a delightful picture book by the author of *Animal Treasure.* Written and illustrated by *Ivan T. Sanderson.* $2.00.



ANIMALS NOBODY KNOWS

101 gift ideas for younger readers in the illustrated Viking Junior Catalogue S-3—sent free.

THE VIKING PRESS, 18 E. 48th Street, N. Y. C.



A proverb for every occasion; classified and indexed for easy reference. Each page illustrated. An ideal gift.

At your bookstore, or

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STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA

Consider these books—with others—as suitable gifts at Christmas

The Surgeon of St. Christopher's
Meeting the Unforeseen

ESSEX PUBLISHING CONCERN
East Orange, N. J.

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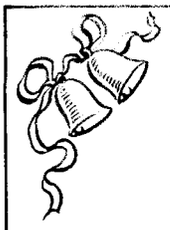
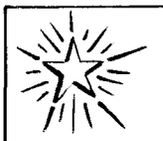
8 WAYS FOR AN S. R. L. READER TO SAY "Merry Christmas" to those whose literary tastes are just as discriminating as his own!



Howard Spring's

grand new novel of one man's career and the women who helped him—a cavalcade of modern England. "Miles ahead of *My Son, My Son!*"—*Atlantic Monthly.* "A notable novel in its breadth and depth."—*Herald Trib.* 726 pages. $2.75

FAME IS THE SPUR



Franz Werfel's

greatest story since *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* tells of Teta Linek, who bargained shrewdly with heaven. In this tale of a Vienna that was, Werfel is at the top of his marvelous narrative powers. *December Book-of-the-Month.* $2.50

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN

Stefan Zweig's

fascinating recreation of 12 fateful moments when history held its breath combines his great talent for biography and his mastery of the short fiction form. Here is reading of the best sort—exciting, dramatic, significant. $2.75

THE TIDE OF FORTUNE

Felizia Seyd's

absorbing biography of George Sand, beloved of Chopin and Musset, whose personal life was an era in France's history. "A suave, witty, knowledgeable tableau of a lady of talent and her world, oddly like ours."—*Herald Trib. Illus.* $3

ROMANIC REBEL

Sylvia Townsend Warner's

delightful fables are "A complete enchantment... a book to make quaking hearts forget the evil moment." —CARL VAN VECHTEN. "Miss Warner at her most beguiling best."—*New York Times.* *Illustrated.* $2.50

The CAT'S CRADLE-BOOK

Harold J. Laski's

program for social reform as a weapon for British victory in the war. "By all odds the most important book that has issued from Europe since the outbreak of the war."—MAX LERNER, *PM.* $1.75

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Jean Starr Untermeyer's

collection of the best of her published work, plus twenty new poems. "Direct speech so suffused and heightened that it attains high distinction and a stark perception of beauty."—AMY LOWELL. $3.00

LOVE AND NEED

A proclamation for world democracy by 17 intellectual leaders

Thomas Mann, Lewis Mumford, G. A. Borgese, William Allan Neilson and 13 others join in a common plan for the triumph of world democracy which may be as important as the history-shaping Declarations of the past. $1.00

THE CITY OF MAN

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You KNOW They'll Enjoy These!

DOCTOR DOGBODY'S LEG

by James Norman Hall

How the doughty sea dog lost his *ten* larboard legs! Illustrated. An Atlantic Book. $2.50

4th Printing

THE SERENE AND GLOWING BEST SELLER

THE Family

By NINA FEDOROVA

THE ATLANTIC $10,000 PRIZE NOVEL $2.50

Its richness of spirit and unusual story make "The Family" the gift with real Christmas spirit—you give it because you want to share your own pleasure.

"One of the most engaging stories in years—a lilting song of warmth and joy." —*N. Y. Times Book Review.*

50th Thousand!

Ogden Nash's

SELECTED VERSE

THE FACE IS FAMILIAR

First and only collection of the light-hearted laureate's verse—with 32 brand new poems! $2.75

THE YEAR'S MOST STIMULATING BIOGRAPHY

AS I REMEMBER HIM

by Hans Zinsser

The life story of a great scientist—rich in humor, humanity, adventure, philosophy. An Atlantic book. $2.75. 6th Printing.

Wyeth Edition

Nordhoff and Hall's

THE BOUNTY TRILOGY

Superb gift edition of the great sea saga—with 12 full-color illustrations by N. C. WYETH. An Atlantic Book. $3.00

The Stone of Chastity

by MARGERY SHARP

It's in the mood of THE NUTMEG TREE!

$2.50 • 25th Thousand

Rose Macaulay's AND NO MAN'S WIT

"Before all else a novel for the intelligent reader to enjoy. Sparkling wisdom . . . perceptive wit."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* An Atlantic Novel $2.50

Two Great Adventure Novels Both by C. S. Forester

TO THE INDIES

The story of Don Narciso, hero-in-spite-of-himself on Columbus' third voyage. $2.50

4th Printing

CAPT. HORATIO HORNBLOWER

The epic romance of a very human 18th century sea fighter. $2.75

209th Thousand

FANNIE FARMER'S

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL

COOK BOOK

"Keystone of Every Library" BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS New Edition 1620 Pages · $5.00

The gift you go on giving! Someone always wants it. Completely up-to-date edition. 838 pages. 3119 recipes. $2.50

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

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